JUN 1 1945

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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIX. No. 742. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1945 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE END AND THE BEGINNING

THIS has been a week in which thoughts and anxieties for the future have momentarily been submerged in a flood tide of emotional relief. With merciful swiftness—Holland saved at the eleventh hour from utter catastrophe, Denmark and Norway spared the devastation of battle, and even Czechoslovakia (where there were, at first, signs of a last-ditch stand by the S.S.) liberated with less bloodshed than was feared—the crowded end came as a sudden blessing few had dared so soon to expect. Over the Third Reich, prostrate in utter disarray, victory is total. As the B.B.C. on Wednesday described the final scene in Berlin, when Field Marshal von Keitel said quietly, "I agree," and took up his pen to sign, for the Wehrmacht and the German nation, the instrument of unconditional surrender to the U.S.S.R. and the Western Allies, millions must have echoed thankfully in their hearts the reporter's simple words: "It was all over now."

Yet, even in this hour of achievement, when flags and bonfires and legitimate merry-making have celebrated release from six long years of endurance, effort and sudden death, the public mood throughout the United Nations differs greatly, we are convinced, from the thoughtless acceptance of victory with which the "Cease Fire" was greeted in 1918. The common people of this country and of the Continental nations whose way of life Nazi Germany challenged are aware that they saved themselves, not by the wisdom of men "set over them in authority"—grateful though they may be to this or that leader whom the war threw up—but by their own exertions. They have seen that Fascism created through the vehicle of Germany a military weapon which could be broken only by the unity of the factory workers of Moscow, Coventry and Detroit, of the men who marched together into battle from the little fields of England and the wide steppes and prairies of Russia and North America. And they perceive, without illusions, that the defeat of Germany is only the beginning of a struggle to rid the world for ever of the economic and political forces in which Hitlerism, as we emphasise in a leading article, was cradled.

Though peace in the Far East has yet to be won, we have been vouchsafed in Europe an opportunity, which may never recur, to rebuild our all-but-lost civilisation. Its foundations must be based firmly on recognition of the essential unity of the working people of all nations. Their needs and desires—work and security and "a dinner of herbs where love is"—are one and the same. The Captains and the Kings have made, between them, a century of greed, aggression, hatred and blood. They may now depart.

Sanity and Poland

If co-operation between Britain, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. is to outlast the war—and on its continuance depend our hopes that Europe may be saved from economic ruin in which the seeds of a Third World War will germinate—developments in the so-called "Polish crisis," whose impingement on San Francisco is analysed by Kingsley Martin on a later page, must be viewed realistically, and not through the eyes of Diplomatic Correspondents fed on hectic hand-outs from Foreign Office and U.S. State Department. As we said last week, we deplore the ill-advised secretiveness with which Moscow has pursued unilaterally its own idea of "broadening" the Warsaw Government. Nor are we prepared to jump to the conclusion that all the leaders of the Polish Underground arrested by the Russians have, in fact, been guilty of "diversionary" sabotage of the Red Army's security. Their public trial is promised; let us await the evidence. What concerns us is a legitimate fear lest the U.S.S.R., like the U.S.A. in its own sphere, be so determined at the moment to fashion its own security system that it may spoil the chances of collaboration by refusing all concessions to liberal Western opinion. But Mr. Eden, egging on Mr. Stettinius in a campaign to vilify Russia and (incidentally) to split the British Left on the eve of a General Election, doth protest too much. The innate hostility of Toryism to the U.S.S.R. is too patent to be tolerable or safe.

The facts, as we see them, are that given the regrettable division of Europe into Russian Communist and Western Capitalist spheres of interest, the arrest of the fifteen Poles is of secondary importance. What is important is that the Russians would in all probability not have troubled to arrest these men if Moscow's suspicions of the West had not recently deepened. Following the failure of Russia to secure either from London or Washington the promise of post-war credits for reconstruction material, there came the "clean-up" in Rumania. That revealed to the Russians the fact that, throughout the Balkans and Eastern Europe, anti-Soviet groups (in which Poles figured largely) were in touch with the British and American "special" services whose zeal in stimulating and supplying Resistance Movements has not been matched by political wisdom or loyalty to Allies. In Moscow's suspicious eyes an anti-Russian "conspiracy" promptly took shape, with Oil, Big Business and the whole plague of secret agents as its ingredients. Add the suspicions aroused by the continued wireless contacts between the London Poles and elements hostile to Russia behind the Red Army's front—is it wholly surprising that the Russian Security Service should have taken drastic and (it may be) in some cases needlessly repressive action?

We should regret the forcible imposition of single party Governments on all States bordering the U.S.S.R., but, so long as Moscow mistrusts the West, there is a danger of Russia taking refuge into this solution. This fact seems to be forgotten by Mr. Eden and Mr. Stettinius when they solemnly "break off" talks about the future of Poland. They are not helping the cause of the Polish peasants and workers whose interests they are professedly (and gratuitously) championing, and they are curious exponents of democratic perfectionism. Within the limitations of unqualified security for the U.S.S.R.—a stipulation with which we have no quarrel—Marshal Stalin has given proof of a sincere desire to have in Poland, as well as in Czechoslovakia and Rumania, "good neighbour" States enjoying real economic and cultural independence. The best hope for these countries on the periphery of the U.S.S.R., and, above all, for the elements in them which insist vociferously on "independence" from

Russia, is that the common peoples of Britain and the U.S.A. should make it crystal clear to their Russian Allies that they are determined, in peace as in war, to collaborate with the U.S.S.R., in unchanging friendship, for the common purposes of economic reconstruction.

Compromise at Trieste

Moments of dangerous tension followed Field Marshal Alexander's decision that the New Zealand Division which had met Yugoslav forces at Monfalcone should push on to Trieste—already entered, but apparently not wholly cleared, by the Yugoslavs. The Yugoslav radio commented with acerbity that the New Zealanders had trespassed into Yugoslav preserves; there were apparently some stiffly worded exchanges between Belgrade and Allied Headquarters; and in the confusion reigning in Istria, with National Liberation troops mixed up with armed Italian partisans, Italian Fascists and remnants of Mihailovitch's Chetniks—to say nothing of the New Zealanders—there was a real danger of ugly clashes. Apparently a temporary agreement has been reached between Field-Marshal Alexander and Marshal Tito. The whole of Istria up to the line of the Isonzo, and including part of Trieste itself, will be occupied by Yugoslav forces, but the dock area of Trieste will be an Anglo-American enclave, and will be used for the importation of supplies. For the time being, this seems to be a sensible arrangement; and we should like to think that Allied control of the port area of Trieste may presage its eventual transference to international control. As for the hinterland of Istria, we have always held that this will have to be ceded by Italy to Yugoslavia. It is to be hoped that the cession will be rendered less of a blow to Italian opinion by convincing evidence that the Yugoslavs mean to treat fairly the Italian minority. Reports reaching us of wholesale arrests and deportations are disquieting.

Dividing to Rule

Further details compel us to qualify the welcome we gave to the Government of India's plans for the expansion of industry. It is right that development should be controlled from the federal centre by the issue of licences to new concerns. But to introduce communal politics into economic planning is a disastrous new departure. It is proposed that this licensing system shall be used to check the undue prominence of any single community. This seems to mean that the artificial ratio of 60 to 40 between Hindus and Muslims, commonly favoured when voting power has to be adjusted, will now be imposed on industry. In other words, Hindu and Muslim firms must in future expand in step or not at all. Since Hindus outnumber Muslims by three to one, and Muslims have never taken kindly to industry, this enforcement of parity will come near checking the expansion of industry altogether. This scheme has, of course, intensified the feud of the two creeds. Was that the purpose of the bureaucrats who drafted it?

French Political Trends

Closer study of the detailed results of the French municipal elections, now beginning to arrive in London, suggests that the picture which we presented last week needs some modification. It is true that the Communists increased their vote in Paris (where proportional representation applied) from just under 30 per cent. to nearer 40 per cent. It is true that in towns outside Paris, and even in many rural communes, Communists were elected, under various labels, or led the poll in constituencies where second ballots are to be held next Sunday. It is true also that Pétainistes (including some officially ineligible) were elected here and there. It must, however, be remembered that the electors were voting for what are often only the equivalent of Parish Councils. (M. Boivin-Champeaux, one of the Vichyite ineligibles, for instance, was elected in his own village with 67 votes out of 82: in a Parliamentary constituency of some tens of thousands of voters he would get little more than the same 67.) The extent of the Communist success is primarily the fruit of Communist Party tactics in a confused situation. Faced with a choice between innumerable parties and resistance groups, whose records and policies were barely—if at all—distinguishable from each other, the electors sought safety in voting either for well-known names (every prominent man except André Philip seems to have carried his whole list with him) or for coalitions of various groups, which seemed to save them the trouble of deciding for themselves. And as the Communists had allied themselves in varying combinations with any and every group, from the extreme Right to their own satellite formations, they won every time. What their real strength may be is still anybody's guess. In any case, the impending return of Daladier, Reynaud, and (more important) of Herriot and Jouhaux, all of whom have the experience and the prestige needed to challenge de Gaulle himself, if need be, revolutionises the whole situation.

World Trade Unionism

While Governments debate at San Francisco, International Trade Unionism has managed to thrash out an agreed draft constitution for the new World Trade Union Congress. Some of the chief difficulties that arose during the discussions in London last February now seem to have been ironed out. It is proposed that a World Congress "with sovereign authority" shall meet biennially; there are also to be a General Council, which will include the outstanding figures of every affiliated movement, and an executive committee of seventeen members, three of whom are to be Russian, two British, U.S., French and Latin-American, with one representative each of China, Africa and the Pacific. This committee appears likely to be the most effective source of leadership; it is not yet clear how much rope it will allow its management committee, a small group of five—including the general secretary of the organisation. This draft has to be ratified, of course, at the next plenary meeting of World Trade Unionism, in Paris, next September. But the old International Federation of Trade Unions—which Sir Walter Citrine tried to defend to the last in London—would seem to have been pushed out of the way by the desire of the Russians, Latin-Americans and the C.I.O. for a new body not compromised by too much inheritance from the Amsterdam International.

Birth-Rates in Revolution

In last Sunday's *Observer* Mr. E. F. Schumacher had a most interesting article, based on data given in the latest report of the Bank for International Settlements, on the recent changes in the birth-rate in various countries, compared with what happened to it during the last war. The figures are indeed astonishing. Not only in this country, but practically everywhere, as far as we know the facts, except in Germany, the birth-rate, instead of falling sharply as it did between 1913 and 1918, rose considerably—in some cases even to a startling extent. The countries affected in this way include neutrals—Eire, Sweden and Switzerland—as well as belligerents. They include countries under Nazi occupation, such as France, Holland, Denmark and Bohemia. They include Australia and the United States, as well as Great Britain. The explanation often advanced here, the putting forward of marriage on account of war conditions, clearly does not cover all these cases; nor does it help to explain the extraordinary contrast between this war and the last. Mr. Schumacher suggests that part of the explanation is to be found in the existence of conditions of full employment; but employment was pretty full during the first World War, and produced no such effects as are being seen now. Nor does the explanation that people are looking forward to conditions of greater social security in the future really help; for it is difficult to imagine that such a factor was operative in Bohemia or in Holland, and yet these countries recorded rises from 17 to 21 per thousand, and from 20 to 23. Our own rise, from 15.5 in 1938 to 16.1 in 1943, is among the more modest, but is significant enough. Sweden, with a rise from 14 to 19.3, is the most remarkable of all. We do not propose to explain the causes, or even to assess the significance; but it does begin to look as if the countries of the West are at a turning-point which will render inapplicable most of the forecasts of population movements made in recent years.

PARLIAMENT: Great Day

Wednesday.

Business is so congested that Parliament could not take days off to celebrate victory. On the morning of VE-Day, Standing Committee A plodded its weary way through part of the Distribution of Industry Bill; question-time preceded the Prime Minister's statement; and on VE+1 the House was back to normal, though the business was Scottish and the attendance, therefore, thin. A good House, however, had sat through questions, after which Morrison announced the end of 18B (muffled Tory cheers), 1AA (loud Labour cheers), 2D (sporadic journalistic cheers) and other wartime restrictions.

Silverman raised an important point of new privilege: one film company had inserted into the Buchenwald news-reel tendencious comments by Lord Vansittart and Mrs. Luce in such a way that the Parliamentary Delegation might seem to be associated with them. Mr. Speaker agreed warmly that this was improper.

An earlier question by Silverman—on the admission to Palestine of children from Buchenwald—had drawn a sympathetic and partially satisfactory reply from Oliver Stanley. Perhaps unwisely, Silverman—a bulldog whole-hogger—pressed the matter further, exciting in some Tory quarters an unattractively anti-Semitic growl or two. An unexpected storm also broke about the sandy head of Duncan Sandys when Bellenger asked about the appointment of General Pile to the Housing Command. Both Tories and Socialists wanted to know what his qualifications were. Sandys opined, timidly, that they were leadership, drive, and all that. "Couldn't drive a pile!" interjected Bowles, a chronic punster.

In the absence of Sinclair, Quintin Hogg, the new Under-Secretary for Air, answered questions capably and audibly.

Tuesday's great half-hour provided a fascinating illustration of the ease with which the House can switch from broad comedy to high drama. Churchill had to keep the House waiting; so the House had to keep business going, with such contributions as this, by A. P. Herbert.

> ". . . may I ask by what Minister of the Crown the Outlawness Bill was, in fact, introduced . . . and may I mention the suspicion . . .
>
> . . . that this Bill was in fact introduced by one of the Clerks at the Table, and, much as we love them, have not things come to a pretty pass . . . etc., etc."

Anderson joined in the fun like a rich uncle visiting the nursery.

Yet the mood changed in a flash as Churchill strode in, pink and beaming. All but a few churlish purists rose to cheer him. His speech, though mainly a repetition of his broadcast, suited the moment; the only jarring note was the tin-trumpet-like "Advance Britannia!"—which, interestingly, the Lords' Hansard indicates that Lord Woolton omitted. Agnostic Members noted with approval the words ". . . the Great Power which *seems* to shape the fortunes of nations." The Commons' *Hansard* prints the text of the thanksgiving service at St. Margaret's, which was, by common consent, rendered superbly.

PONTIFEX MINOR

THE VOICE OF BRITAIN

recent discussions of the post-war organisa-n of the B.B.C. little or no public attention has been given to the future of the Corporation's ropean Service. Broadcasts in foreign languages French, German and Italian—were started by e B.B.C. on a very limited scale in September, 38, when the Foreign Office awoke to realisa-n that, if the Continent were to be made aware British public opinion, normal diplomatic annels required reinforcement. It was then o late to produce much effect in opposition to e all-pervasive propaganda machine of Dr. ebbels; and the Voice of Britain, reflecting amberlain's timid and qualified statements of licy, probably made little impression on teners in Europe. But in the disasters of 40, the European Service, enormously expanded scope, came into its own. "London alling" became, for Europe, proof that the war ainst Fascism was not yet lost, and that stand-ds of truth, honesty and decency still survived. It would be optimistic to suppose that, when stilities cease, the B.B.C. can retain the whole its Europe-wide audience. Liberated nations ll re-start their own broadcasting services, d the special circumstances which gave London irtual monopoly in the dissemination through rope of objectively presented news and com-nts will rapidly disappear. On the other nd, it will be long before any Continental pital can command a news service comparable th that at the B.B.C.'s disposal; and, in any se, London will remain a centre of authority which the attention of politically-minded ropeans will still be focused. The potential dience for foreign-language broadcasts will be y considerable.

That every effort should be made to retain that dience is, in our view, axiomatic. With the vent of official "peace" the need will remain the fullest possible free exchange among oples of honest news and views. If Britain to play an effective part in the political, social d economic reconstruction of Europe, and if sunderstandings and suspicions begotten of norance are to be minimised, it is of paramount portance that the Continent should be able to n to the B.B.C., not merely for news, but for a lanced expression of the trend of British opinion relation to both domestic and world affairs. A question, however, has still to be answered: o should control and operate London's foreign-nguage broadcasts after the war? With the d of hostilities in Europe, the Political Warfare ecutive, under whose directives the European rvice has formulated its policy, will presumably ve its functions restricted to the Far East war, ce all transmitters in Germany will be operated the various Allied Commissions of Control. Mr. Bracken has his way, the Ministry of formation will not long survive VE-day, at y rate in a form appropriate for guiding any here of broadcasting policy. Unless, therefore, re is a Governmental decision to the contrary, re is a real likelihood that the European Service ll slide, by default, into the general organisation Home and Empire broadcasts for which the B.C's Governors are responsible. (The trans-tters, be it noted, are the B.B.C.'s property, d the personnel are B.B.C. employees.) The quel to such a development might only too ily be the gradual extinction of foreign-language adcasts on the plea that licence-revenue cannot ly be devoted to programmes of no interest to tish listeners, and that the transmitters are uired for an ampler range of regional stations. There is, in addition, a more fundamental son why the Corporation should not enjoy onomy in relation to the Overseas Service. reign-language broadcasts are inescapably tamount to an extension of diplomatic action. such, they must be of direct and vital concern the Foreign Office. If a big audience of eign listeners is to be retained, the European rvice must be operated with vigour, imagination *and a policy*. The latter could not be provided by the B.B.C.'s Director-General *in vacuo*. Either his directives would be so cautious as to deprive the Service of all colour and influence, or he would run the risk of continually clashing with the Government's policy in foreign affairs—a situation obviously untenable.

But if we conclude (as we do) that foreign-language broadcasts must be under the ultimate control of the elected Government of the day, it by no means follows that the right course is to make the European Service a mere mouthpiece of the Foreign Office. To do so would be to create the impression abroad that the Voice of Britain was merely the propaganda-vehicle of a Department. It is vitally important to preserve the prestige which the B.B.C. has built up on the Continent, not merely as an honest purveyor of objective news and comments, but as the voice of a nation, rather than of Britain's officialdom.

The solution, we suggest, is that the work of foreign-language broadcasting should be entrusted by Parliament to the B.B.C. as a special contract, remunerated by Treasury grant based on estimated cost. The B.B.C. should provide the transmitters and technical facilities, together with the necessary team of script-writers, linguists, musicians and —an important adjunct—educational experts. The Director of the European Service should be appointed by agreement between the B.B.C. and the Foreign Office. He should be answerable to a Commission of Control, whose Chairman (with a *negative* right of veto) should be a specially appointed Under-Secretary of the F.O., and whose members should include both representatives of the B.B.C.'s Governors and also co-opted non-official Commissioners representing reasonably wide sections of British public opinion.

THE LITTLE MAN

READING the obituaries of Adolf Hitler which have appeared since his reported death, one sees that about him personally there is nothing to be said except that he was the modern Little Man, inflated into a world force and then apotheosised. There is some quality of greatness which can be detected in all the "great men" of action who hitherto had left their mark on history, even though the mark was almost always a curse and the immense evil that they did lived after them and the little, if any, good was interred with their bones. But in the diseased, perverted egotism of the Führer's personality there was not a shred of greatness; there were only exaggerations of littleness, of meanness, vindictiveness, envy, malice, cunning and cruelty. The dreary desert of *Mein Kampf* and of the two volumes of Hitler's speeches reveal a mind remarkable only for its colourless insignificance and its crazy fanaticism; ignorant, stupid and cunning, the author appears to be a kind of depersonalised caricature of all the most despicable qualities of the Little Man.

How did this sub-human, stunted product of the European slum obtain his enormous power in Germany and Europe and become an object of worship in his own country and of admiration and adultation elsewhere? That is one of the most important and puzzling questions which the end of the war and of Hitler raises, for, unless we can answer it correctly, we cannot know what is at the root of the breakdown in our civilisation. To pretend that the answer is to be found in the obsessions of Vansittartism and a double dose of sin in all Germans is to shirk the issue and to comfort oneself with the illusion that, thank God, we are not as other sinners are. The inter-war years were years when dictators sprouted all over Europe, and they were all Little Men, caricatures of human silliness and viciousness. There was the tawdry braggart Mussolini, flattered and courted by British Tory Ministers; there were a bunch of Balkan princelets or kinglets; there was the Greek Metaxas; and the rat-like Caudillo is still with us. They have all been worshipped and hated in their own countries and their power bolstered up by their admirers in the old democracies. Even in England we had the sinister spectacle of the posturing Mosley and his Blackshirt toughs finding followers among "respectable" people. The Germans are more thorough and carry the logic of stupidity and savagery farther than other European peoples, but the seeds of Hitlerism and its abominations were in the soil of every European nation, and in many besides Germany they flowered and set their poisonous fruit. The flower is the dictatorship of the Little Man and the gangster; the fruit is the rule of everything which is most vile in the slum ideals of capitalist society.

It is not Hitler who has made the bloody desert of our age; it is the desert of our age which made Hitler; and if Adolf Hitler had not come to power in Germany, some other stunted Little Man or crude gangster would have seized power and provided the abominations. There are periods in history when power is so unstable, when the forces and beliefs in civilised society become so disorientated that the winds of chance and force may blow almost anyone, who is ruthless and savage enough, into the dictatorship over a people or even over the world.

One side of civilisation consists in the communal control of power. The Roman Republic, when it disintegrated into the Roman Empire, failed to provide this control, and within a hundred years the civilisation of Julius Cæsar and Virgil was disappearing in the anarchy and barbarism of the Caracallas and Galluses. There was the same failure in the capitalist, middle-class civilisation of Europe in the nineteenth century. We failed to establish communal control of economic power, and that produced the anarchy of the capitalist gangster and the class war; we failed—and are failing once more at San Francisco—to establish communal control of national power, and that produced the international anarchy which made the world wars of 1914 and 1939 inevitable. It is in these periods of anarchy that the Caracallas and Hitlers, the gangsters and the Little Men, find their opportunity and are transformed by the Legions or the Wehrmacht, by the Hugenbergs and Neville Chamberlains, into war lords and world rulers.

Another side of civilisation consists in civilised beliefs. In the economic class war of the nineteenth century and in the international war of 1914 beliefs and standards which form the basis of civilisation disintegrated. Democracy, liberty and equality, law, justice and humanity are not just words or "machinery"; they are the essential framework of civilised life. From 1914 onwards the statesmen, writers and ruling classes in the democracies, upon whom depended the upholding of these standards, and therefore of civilisation, again and again betrayed them and compromised with barbarism. Religion and the Churches had long since done the same. In such circumstances it is not surprising that Hitler, the depersonalised Little Man, could use the machinery of modern democracy to appeal to the hatred, the envy, all the littlenesses of all the other thwarted Little Men. The result can be seen in Dachau and Buchenwald. And on Thursday, May 3rd, 1945 (not 225 A.D., but 1945 A.D.), the *Times* reported that Mr. de Valera called on the German Minister in Dublin to express his condolence of Hitler's death. Mr. de Valera in the previous week must have seen the photographs of Dachau and Buchenwald. He is a Roman Catholic and the head of a State which purports to base its whole policy and actions upon the Christian religion and the Catholic Church. In Mr. de Valera's condolences we can see the degradation of civilised beliefs and standards which made Hitler and his Nazi regime possible.

SHADOWS AT SAN FRANCISCO

On many occasions when the Russians have outraged British and American opinion by arrests and trials and by the strange secrecy of their diplomatic dealings, facts have later emerged which have materially modified our judgment. Just why the Russians put so great a strain on public relations, why they make life so difficult for their supporters and give such delight to the Hearst press and to their equally bitter enemies in the House of Commons, is a mystery. There must be important facts to come out on this occasion, and it is to be hoped that if the Russians have a better case they will divulge it quickly before quite irreparable damage is done, both to this Conference and to hopes of international co-operation after the war. With such great issues at stake there is an increasing disposition here to counsel caution in judgment at this stage. The facts about the Polish arrests are bad enough from American and British official points of view, but it must be emphasised that we still know very little and that the story so far divulged is a mixture of undoubted fact and of additional material supplied by the London Poles.

On Thursday night Molotov admitted to Eden and Stettinius that he had news of sixteen missing Poles. The figure had before been given as fourteen or fifteen. They had been arrested on a charge of diversionary activity against the Red Army and were to be tried. Their crimes would appear at the trial. Moscow Radio has since added a detailed list of charges. The only other certainties are that the arrests were not disclosed to the British or American Ambassadors in Moscow or to their Governments, and that the arrested Poles contained among them two or three names which, on the advice of Mikolajczyk, were put forward by the British as peculiarly suitable and important candidates for inclusion in a reorganised Polish Government. Various stories of the circumstances of their arrest, of an invitation sent to them by Zhukov or of their proposed visit to London are not confirmed. Some of them maybe are true, but they rest on London Polish statements; nor are the identities of the arrested Poles at all certain, though there seems no doubt that the Commander of the Polish Home Army is among them. I gather that he and probably some of the others have a violently anti-Soviet record, though among the sixteen are some who have long been asking the London Poles for permission to emerge from underground and openly help the Red Army. This might suggest that some of them were by no means anti-Soviet, but in Soviet eyes it would be an admission that the London Polish organisation, both in London and Poland, was still hostile and refusing co-operation with the Red Army. I have thought it worth while to detail the foregoing facts from San Francisco because the news broke here, and most careful inquiry fails to establish any further facts in spite of the far more exciting accounts that are doubtless now circulating from innumerable other less authoritative quarters.

Molotov's disclosure led to an angry scene with Eden and Stettinius, followed by an abrupt termination of all Polish negotiations. But immediately afterwards the Big Three joined the committee considering amendments to the proposed Charter; and, after singularly harmonious and successful discussion, a very large measure of agreement was reached. The agreed amendments and the few disagreements will have been fully publicised in the London Press. Formally, they materially improve Dumbarton Oaks, introducing the conception of justice as well as peace. Making for inquiry into the causes of any international dispute, they emphasise human rights, increase the status of the Economic Council, which some suggest should be made of equal authority with the Security Council, set up a Secretariat, and cover many points which, if the organisation has any reality at all, will be of great importance. The divergence of opinion on revision and amendment of the Constitution is not of vital importance. The difficult question of fitting regional agreements within the Security Council is likely to be settled, I understand, by accepting the automatic Franco-Soviet pact against the enemy State, Germany, while collective action against an aggressor in the American hemisphere, envisaged in the Chapultepec Agreement, would at least formally wait upon endorsement by the Security Council, and could thus, theoretically, be vetoed by Britain or the U.S.S.R. It seems then that, as far as the forms go, the future of this Conference, to which the Polish issue is not formally relevant, may well be smooth enough. Some people here are equally congratulating themselves on the prospect of producing the machinery of organisation with less than the anticipated difficulty, but those who do not specialise in this peculiar form of gullibility are asking how much value a Charter will have if there is no confidence between its leading signatories. The best, but, I suppose, not probable, development now would be the release of the sixteen Poles. It is understood that this question has now been transfered again to the Stalin-Churchill level, and it is conceivable that, understanding the dangerous reactions of Whitehall and Washington to these arrests, Stalin might take steps to pacify his Allies. The reactions in America are likely to be less vehement than in Britain, because, although the Poles are a very powerful pressure group, and both genuine Liberals and professional Soviet-baiters are aroused, American opinion is less concerned with Europe than British, and no one in America has gone so far as Churchill and Eden did in the House of Commons in acclaiming the "complete accord" reached on the Polish question at Yalta.

Russia's motives are not comprehensible, since no one here doubts her desire to co-operate with the West, or her very reasonable and co-operative behaviour on most issues at the Conference. Molotov clearly enjoyed the popularity he gained by his show against accepting Fascist Argentina as a member of the Conference, and there are signs of a change of line by Browder's Communists, who bitterly attacked the American Government on this issue. Though Molotov took this stand as part of an attempted bargain, seeking democratic anti-Argentine support for Lublin in exchange for opposing Argentina's membership of Conference, his stand gave him moral leadership with Liberals which he has now lost. Further, it was clear, once the Conference began, that Eden and Stettinius would have gone to great lengths to achieve a Polish settlement, and that Russia could soon have achieved whatever Polish Government she wished if she had saved instead of slapping the faces of Britain and America. Again, in Austria, Russia took a unilateral decision by setting up a Government precisely of the type approved by Britain and America, but without waiting to consult them. The general conclusion is that Russia still so fears British and American plans for Germany and Europe that she is determined herself to make a cordon sanitaire against the West, completely excluding her Allies from any share in all Eastern Europe. I have talked to those with most opportunity of studying Russia, and they say this is not bad faith on Russia's part, but simply an entirely different way of thinking and a different and often mysterious way of conducting diplomacy. Russia does want to co-operate, but not on territory she regards as her private beat.

In truth, though Russian methods are so "awkward," they behave not so differently from other Powers as appears on the surface. The U.S. Navy Department and many American business men now talk almost openly of war with Russia, and the discussions on trusteeship and the demand for strategic islands not subject to trusteeship restrictions expose the hollowness of the whole Conference. The British protest that they already apply the principle of trusteeship to all the Empire, which leads to horse laughter in Africa. In the document on trusteeship, the British say "It seems most desirable that a mandatory Power should be permitted to mobilise the war potential of its mandated territories as well as of its Colonies as part of its contribution to the maintenance of international peace and security, provided that the military policy of all States is brought into conformity with their obligations under the United Nations organisation." They suggest that the security functions of a trusteeship can be separated from the welfare functions even in a colony whose importance is mainly strategic, while the Americans urge that in a strategic mandate the trustee shall only report to the Security Council and not to the trustee authority. But if there were genuine co-operation between the Big Three, who admittedly are now all powerful, there would be no reason for the British to mobilise native soldiers or for the Americans to fortify Pacific islands except in conjunction with their Allies. Clearly, their difficulty is to justify the continuation of colossal armaments after the war. The pretence is that Germany or Japan may again be dangerous, which is impossible, unless the Big Three allow them to re-arm, and the fact is that they propose to keep their arms against each other.

So it comes about that in this hour of victory, with every prospect of a formally successful Conference, many of us doubt whether anything real is being accomplished. There was never any hope here of a World Federation, but the argument was that, since the Big Three had all the power, and since their vital interests did not clash, they might reach a genuine agreement not to quarrel and might gradually come to work together and to settle their disputes by regular meetings and with the aid of a World Organisation. That is still not impossible, but the hope diminishes. Molotov may still change the picture by a dramatic announcement. The Polish issue may pass, but confidence between the Powers will be difficult to create, and on that all hangs. The opportunity is unique, since the psychology of joint victory should be unique favourable. We shall never have another week of triumphs such as this—with the daily news of German surrenders; with the announcement of Hitler's death; with the joyous pictures of American and Red Army soldiers embracing each other in the hour of victory. In war we have co-operated in spite of all obstacles. After the war it will be more difficult.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

The bonfire was the thing. Compared with that the flags, the rosettes, the streamers and the bunting were stale; their gaudy colours have become boring by the glut of coronations, jubilees, victories, marriages and official publicity which have oppressed this century. But the bonfire—that was a new thing altogether. Somebody sloshed on a can of petrol or paraffin; with a whizz and a thump the wild yellow flame went twenty or thirty feet in the air, and you realised that an instinct, six years repressed, had been released. Here was fire returned to its innocence, a fire lit by yourself and not by the enemy, a fire to be kept in, not to be put out. You worshipped the ancient element once more. In the waste acres of London, in the bombed-out lots, they were like the camp fires of great gatherings of gypsies.

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On the great Berkshire Downs the next night the beacons appeared like pairs of carroty coloured eyes as one village after another lit up, and so mild and warm was the evening and so scented, that the sight suggested the fires of St. John's Eve; or, at any rate, some mad ritual blaze. All the villagers, some hundreds of them, men, women and children, joined hands and danced in the widest circle I have ever seen, screaming when they came round to the hottest side and almost pulling their arms off as they

clumped wildly out of the heat into the shadow. The white may blossom around the field turned pink in the glow, and transfigured neighbours, shining fancifully with sweat, greeted one another with loud astonishment as if they had not seen one another for years. The silence of the footsteps on the grass is the making of scenes like this; the children whom no one drove to their beds seemed to be flying like birds over it. One lived for an hour in Arcadia, where everyone was kind; and it was mysterious and moving to see all the people of the village out at once. When the eyes of the other fires appeared on the hills, we guessed the places; and the Home Guard sergeant said, with sudden patriotism: "We were the first in the valley." For a long time through the night we could hear the men singing in the pubs. Uncouth, whining, drawling, wonderfully dragging out the dreary melodies, and all at sixes and sevens in the lively ones, the English folk singers sturdily dug the grave of English song. The sound of bad, beery singing carried across the fields and woodlands must be the most ancient and traditional feature of our country life. I don't believe the Elizabethans after the Armada, or the country men of the Napoleonic wars after Waterloo, sang any better.

* * *

Ninety-nine years ago one of the first illustrated newspapers came into the hands of Wm. Wordsworth who was moved to write the following indignant lines:

Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing. Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

Heaven has not done so. The convention which prevented the British press from printing photographs of the dead and dying, and other horrifying pictures, has gone. The competition of the news-reel camera has been too strong for the press. In the past few weeks the papers have had an orgy of horror, passing from pictures of the massed corpses of Buchenwald to the climax of Mussolini's hanging.

* * *

Analysing my own conflicting emotions about these pictures, I see that I am chiefly protesting against photography. Artists and writers have always claimed that horror may be part of their material. A visit to the mortuary and to prisons was a fashion among painters, for example, forty years ago, before it became unnecessary to go so far for one's horrors. I must say that the shooting of Mussolini was, incidentally, excellently described by the executioner; it was a model of reporting. But after looking at the radio-blurred and sun-spotted photographs of the hanging, I compared them with Goya's *Désastres de la Guerra*. How fundamentally false the photographs seemed in the comparison; flat, neutral, brutal, without context. They blind the retina and their images remain unassimilated by the mind. They are just as boring as the art nudes of photography. The horrors of Goya, on the other hand, far surpass anything we have seen during these weeks; they are mad, nauseating and shattering; but the mind assimilates them because of the beautiful drawing and because of the imagination and passion in which they have been conceived. A photograph offers no purgation to the emotions. It can be argued that the *Désastres* were not actualities; many of them were etched 12 years or more after the event and critics have noted that Goya introduced a certain "unreal" voluptuousness into some of the figures. Mussolini and his mistress were shown dismally hanging like half-plucked turkeys. But in fact the Goyas *are* more real because they portray both the sight and the mind that sees it. Our protest against the photographs arises because they show only the meaningless spectacle caught in an accidental or arbitrary focus. We become poker-faced gangsters looking at our gun sights or our camera sights if we regard them too long. Another recommendation: after the Buchenwald photographs, look at the shelter drawings of Henry Moore. Here is a prophetic artist whom the war has copied.

When I was in Luxembourg a month or so ago I spent some time at the Radio Station, which was then the one Front Line Radio station in Europe; and it was proud of the toughness of its policy. It is a spacious white office building like a two-storey County School with floors of suicidal marble. It is overheated to the point of suffocation in the manner Americans and Luxemburgers love. What is going to happen to Radio Luxembourg after the war? Will it revert, uncontrolled, to the international company which ran it before the war? Will it continue to be a propaganda machine run in the interests of the United Nations? What part will it play, if any, in any schemes of German re-education? Could it become the "peace" or "reconstruction" station? It is one of the most powerful in Europe, and is admirably placed. The American staff regarded this with detachment. Individually they wanted to get back to commercial radio. The British fell back on satire at the expense of American methods of production. There were some good satirical imitations of the American-high-powered producer, who conducts every broadcast like a band leader, with alarming gestures. A little conducting does, in my opinion, break down the awful isolation which is felt by nearly all speakers at the microphone. The Americans, of course, aim at drama on the air; we hope—with the aid of a couple of drinks—in solitary confinement—to achieve only naturalness.

* * *

The Germans had done little damage to the town. One saw a shell hole through the *flèche* of the cathedral but that was about all. Their sabotage at the Radio Station and transmitter was feeble, and they left a powerful weapon of propaganda almost perfect in our hands, a station which could swamp every other sound in the Rhineland. One theory is that they expected to get back, and in December they nearly did. December was a tragedy for Luxembourg, for the little country had been overrun almost painlessly up till then; after December, one-third of the country was wrecked. There was enormous destruction in forest and villages, and livestock. Food was nothing like as short as it was in France; but one guessed it might be short later on. There was a thriving black market. The chief shortage in March was in manufactured goods and fuel. The great steel and iron works of the country were idle for lack of coke; the mines were not working. The shop windows were pathetic. The Armies had fallen like locusts upon the shops in the early months of liberation. They had drunk all the wine. Now one saw little but empty chocolate boxes, rows of Vim cartons, bottles of all kinds of cleansers, a few zip-fasteners and devices for repairing silk stockings, and, in every window, a portrait of the Grand Duchess.

* * *

Cleaning and polishing are the great domestic passions of the Luxemburgers. Everywhere women are shining and polishing and the smell of polish and wax is the characteristic smell of their houses. There is one polish which unhappily conveys the suggestion of hot feet. I doubt whether even Americans are as devoted to plumbing as the inhabitants of the City of Luxembourg are. Their bathrooms and lavatories are grandiose, imperial, almost more fitted for audience than for privacy.

* * *

The romantic situation of the City of Luxembourg, its wealth and its love of the solid, its remarkable viaducts and bridges, its massive fortifications which at one time caused it to be called "the Gibraltar of the North," have stimulated architects. They are very numerous. But an evident decadence has set in since its life as a fortress came to an end in the sixties of last century; and one groans at the boulevards where every villa is made to look like a château, and the suburbs where the architects have gone in for modern "machines for living," done in iron and concrete, on a large scale.

* * *

To collectors of public notices I offer the following from the window of a Luxembourg undertaker:

Inhumations.
Exhumations.
Incinerations.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to B. Elwood

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The extermination of the German nation would not be the solution of the problem . . . If eighty million spirits (many undeveloped) were suddenly hurled into the Beyond it would create a problem that baffles the imagination.—Letter in *Middlesex County Times*.

On VE-Day the National Museum of Antiquities will remain open until 5 p.m., and will open as usual the following day to enable those on holiday to visit the exhibition, "From the Stone Age to the '45."—*The Scotsman*.

Dental Surgeon requires assistant. Opportunity for enthusiastic operator, particularly one keen on dental practice as the means of realisation of general ethical principles. Commence £1,000 upwards. Preference pacifist.—Advt. in *Peace News*.

Please do not collect our gas masks as suggested in a reader's letter. I am one of many who cannot, under any conditions, peel and prepare onions. Thanks to my gas mask I can now enjoy them.—Letter in *Daily Express*

Pastorate wanted. 10 years' experience. Zealous for souls. Souls saved in all previous churches.—Advt. in *The Methodist Recorder*.

INTERIM BALANCE SHEET

V-DAY talk rings phoney in Paris. After all, victory marks the end of nothing except official hostilities, an incident in a process which will probably be as confused and violent as that which followed the original Carthaginian victory. It was a full one hundred bloody years after Carthage had been ploughed under before the Augustan Age began.

But the end of Nazi Germany is at least a useful occasion for trying to draw up an interim balance sheet of British gains and losses since 1939. Historians can win a reputation for political wisdom because they wait until the evidence is available before making up their minds. What we *need* now is an assessment of the situation, based on the quite inadequate evidence we have at our disposal, and a policy deduced from that assessment; what we *have* are leaders who wait for history or the U.S.S.R. to make up their minds for them—and then plead that it was inevitable.

First the debit side. Economically, we have lost—and lost heavily. Britain is a poorer nation now than she was in 1939. We have lost foreign investments and markets; and most of our capital development of the war period has been in war industries and shadow factories which will be of little use in the post-war years. America could afford this war, in the sense that she could produce all that was required for it while simultaneously maintaining civilian consumption. We, like Russia, could not. As a nation, therefore, we face our competitors for world trade with fewer resources than we possessed six years ago; and

at the same time we have to make good the damage, in particular the damage to housing.

The war has also accelerated a shift of political power. Day in and day out Dr. Goebbels has repeated that, whoever else loses the war, Britain has already lost it—to America and Russia. Judged in German terms—by the strict laws of power politics—Goebbels is not far wrong. Out of the war the continental States—America and Russia—emerge as giants. Strategically, geo-politically and economically, they are almost self-supporting and well-nigh invincible. Each of them could nearly—but, thank heavens, not quite—afford to retire into armed and autarchic isolation. We, on the other hand, whether as an island or as a Commonwealth, cannot survive alone. Nor will alliances bring us security. Whereas a world peace organisation appears to an American or Russian statesman as a useful auxiliary to an American or Russian security system, the same organisation is a matter of life and death to us and to all the smaller nations, including France and China. Without it we must all become either salettlies of one or other of the continental States, or retain a fictional independence which is strategically and economically indefensible.

There is a strong and disturbing parallel between our position in 1945 and that of France in 1918. France ended the first World War, to all appearances, a victor nation and a great military Power. But, in fact, the victory had cost her too much. She had actually lost more of her strength than the defeated enemy, and she recovered less rapidly and less thoroughly than Germany. But she failed to realise her weakness, and attempted to play a role in Europe and in the world which was beyond her capacity. She tried to maintain herself as the dominant military Power in a grand European alliance. That alliance, under the test of German rearmament, fell to pieces; and French military might was exposed as a façade.

The similarity may partly explain the much greater understanding which we now possess of the French attitude. We appreciate for the first time what it feels like to fight side by side with an ally richer in man-power and in resources, who has never felt the war in his own country and defends himself across the water. Now it is not only the French who show that tendency to diplomatic meanness of a poor but aristocratic people *vis-à-vis* a wealthy and plebeian neighbour. We, too, feel the temptation to adopt a grandiose policy well fitted to our national tradition but beyond our present strength. But equally we, too, if we so decide, can cut our nationalistic losses and work for the establishment of those world controls—strategic, political and economic—which are beneficial to Russia and America *and essential to us.*

Linked inevitably with our loss of wealth and power is the most important item on the debit side—our loss of direction. We have not yet found our balance in this new world of continental, as distinct from national, units. Left and Right alike cling to old concepts of British foreign policy, and dispute over phrases which have little reference to our actual situation. It takes time, particularly in Britain, for new facts to change established ideas. And yet, the decisions which will determine our future must be taken in the next twelve months.

So much for the debit side. What of the credit? To begin with, we have rid ourselves of the German threat for at least a generation. No German state will in our lifetime grow great by playing off the East against the West, or capitalism against Communism. That is a solid gain. Equally solid are the foundations we have built, chiefly by our lonely resistance in 1940, for co-operation with France and America. We have won a new respect for ourselves and a new appreciation among our Allies of our value to them.

So far, we cannot honestly claim a similar gain in the case of Russia. Together with the U.S.S.R. we have defeated Germany, but we have done so with the bare minimum of co-operation. Though relations—apart from Poland—are better than in 1939, it would be merely wish-fulfilment to pretend that they are more than correct. Sometimes they are a good deal less.

The only way in which we can improve this situation is to establish a basis for common understanding. The basis for understanding between Russia and America is that both are continental units of gigantic productive strength which can afford to respect each other despite complete dissimilarity of their social systems. There can, and will be, large-scale business deals between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. Anglo-Russian relations cannot be conducted on the same basis. For one reason we are too close to one another: our interests too closely intermingle in the chaos of liberated Europe. Only if Britain and Russia can achieve a real understanding with regard to the social problems in Europe will co-operation be possible. And for that to happen, England must apply to the post-war problems the same concentration of purpose as we applied to the war itself. In brief, if we were ready to participate in the planned reconstruction of European economy on a grand scale, we might find at the end that we had come to a real understanding with Russia.

Since 1939 we have made such gains on the Home front that this idea is not utopian. Though we are poorer as a nation, consumer goods are more fairly distributed than ever before; and once again war has brought more social reform than a generation of political pressure in peacetime could have achieved. We shall celebrate V-Day so organised that one five-year term of full Socialist administration could lay the foundations securely of a Socialist State with a Socialist policy at home and abroad. That is undoubtedly the biggest item on the credit side of the sheet. It is the item which makes it possible for us to give the lie to Goebbels' saying that England anyway has lost the war.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Paris, May Day.

RANGOON AND AFTER

THE fall of Rangoon is an outstanding event. It equals in importance the recent reconquest of Manila in that it disrupts an entire enemy front and tears a gaping hole in the overall pattern of Japanese defensive strategy which must now be redesigned. The strategic effects of this Japanese defeat are immense. For China this transformation of the whole picture of the war means, though not immediate deliverance, at least hope that the pace of events will now gather speed. Burma was the bulwark to the whole Japanese position in South-East Asia, and its liberation will not only profoundly affect China's own strategic position, but it may well loosen the entire Japanese hold between the Chinese border and Singapore. With the beaten Japanese retreating into Thailand, the uneasy political situation in that country is bound to become difficult, and the French forces resisting in Indo-China must be greatly heartened. Malaya now lies open to a possible continuation of the South-East Asia campaign, with the Dutch East Indies awaiting the converging of the armies of MacArthur and Mountbatten. The Far Eastern war as a whole is beginning to show a pattern which brings its ultimate end in sight.

With the military problem of Burma solved, the political problem becomes one of urgency. Discussion of Burma's political future has been continuous during the past four years, with all sides and parties, informed and uninformed, taking part in the controversy except the Government. Mr. Amery has consistently evaded the issue and, apart from uttering periodically his time-honoured, non-committal platitudes, he has refused to show his hand. Not even the provocatively reactionary "Blue Print for Burma" issued some months ago by his Government's friends, and roundly condemned as unacceptable by practically all sections of responsible public opinion, has been able to induce him to make known his plans. Urgent appeals from progressive Burmese in this country for a declaration of British intentions have brought no response. Instead, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Governor of Burma, has now flown back to Simla to collect there his Government-in-Exile headed by Sir Paw Tun, in readiness for the move back into Rangoon. City correspondents note that commercial firms will get "go" instructions later. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, one must conclude that Mr. Amery intends to reopen "business as usual" as soon as possible.

In the meantime the meagre information about internal conditions coming out of Burma is both encouraging and discouraging. The political temper of the country seems definitely much more positive and hopeful than reports during the occupation period, mostly from Japanese sources, had led one to expect. The vast majority of the people seem genuinely to have greeted our troops as liberators. In many places Admiral Mountbatten has had the active assistance of the Burmese, while the Japanese-sponsored Puppet Government of Dr. Ba Maw, which was reported to have trained an army under Japanese leadership for the defence of the country, has refrained from creating either military or political trouble. This Government, which contained a number of sincere and genuinely patriotic Burmese politicians and which could not properly be called a quisling regime, seems to have disappeared altogether. Ba Maw was last heard of several weeks ago complaining bitterly about Japanese exploitation and duplicity. He has since been silent.

While the Japanese seem thus to have left the scene without a troublesome political legacy, as might well have been the case, and the road looks clear for an immediate and genuine fresh political start, economic conditions are chaotic and quite beyond the capacity of the Civil Affairs Commission of South-East Asia Command. The scanty reports reaching this country about the work of the Civil Affairs authorities are uniformly gloomy and discouraging. There seems little doubt that preparations in this field were on much too small a scale and have fallen lamentably short of requirements. All reports agree that the administrative effort, such as there is, has proved wholly inadequate, and that the lack of vision and vigour is felt everywhere. In the absence of a declared policy this is only what has to be expected, and Civil Affairs officials in Burma cannot be blamed for trying to avoid making promises which they feel they may not be able to keep.

The Japanese left the country not only stripped of all its essential goods but also with some of its natural resources gravely damaged. The production of rice, for instance, once Burma's most important export commodity and the basis of the country's economy, will take a considerable time before it regains its pre-war level; the Japanese allowed only planting for their own local needs and minimum native consumption. The remainder of the rice fields, in an attempt to make the country self-sufficient, were converted to other uses or simply reverted back to jungle. Another problem, at least as crucial, is that of the wrecked national currency. In September, 1942, the Japanese linked the rupee with their own military yen, vast amounts of which they poured into the country; and in April, 1943, they began to replace the old notes by new units. The result is that Burma is flooded with an enormous quantity of worthless money which has already sunk to one-twentieth the value of the Indian and Burmese notes. The latter two are legal tender under Military Government, whereas Jap scrip is not. Here the legacy of Japanese occupation assumes truly formidable proportions, but Civil Affairs has so far not even attempted to face the problem. This is only one of the instances in which lack of policy and planning at the top, with consequent stalling and inertia at the bottom, may frittter away in the next few weeks the good will and friendship which the majority of the Burmese people had stored up during years of occupation against the day of liberation.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND VESTED INTERESTS

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

It is a little over a year ago that the White Paper on a National Health Service appeared. Mr. Willink has now consulted the doctors, the voluntary hospitals and the local authorities, as he said he would do, and a much modified scheme has been produced. This new scheme is tentative, incomplete in many details, and supposed to be "confidential," though it has been sent by the British Medical Association to 70,000 doctors for their observations. It represents a disastrous climb-down by a weak Minister, yielding to pressure by vested interests. For a second time in its history the B.M.A. is doing its best to wreck a scheme which would result in a vast improvement in the people's health.

The new scheme has two main characteristics, both wholly retrograde. (1) It removes the control of the hospital and clinical services from the local authorities and puts them, for the most part, in the hands of two bodies without public responsibility or accountability, the voluntary hospitals and the medical profession. (2) It proposes that the new general practitioner service, which all will be entitled to use, shall be on the model of the present "panel," with all its weaknesses and inequality of service.

Doctors belong to the most individualistic of professions. They have never shown the smallest capacity or desire for combination; indeed, their constant plea to the Minister has been to let them alone, each one to plough his individual furrow as he likes. The voluntary hospitals have never united for any purpose except to raise money or oppose control. Each voluntary hospital is a law unto itself. If the Ministry of Health imagines it can run a clinical and hospital service from Whitehall without the assistance and good will of the local authorities, it will find itself mistaken. Besides this, the constant trend of modern thought is to show that prevention and cure must be associated ever more closely. To dissociate the local authorities, which must continue to provide the preventive services, from those designed mainly for the cure of disease, is unsound.

Yet this is the intention of the scheme. The Central Council which is to advise the Minister is to consist of 37 members, of whom 19 will be doctors, and only five local authority representatives. It is to have at least two standing sub-committees, Medical and Hospital. On the latter sub-committee the doctors are to have a quarter of the seats, and the remainder are to be divided equally between the local authorities and the voluntary hospitals, although the local authorities provide about four times as many hospital beds as the "voluntaries" do. Further, so far as local administration is concerned, the Joint Authorities of the White Paper are to be scrapped, and the hospitals left in the possession of the Counties and County Boroughs. This is certainly retrograde, for some of the Counties and County Boroughs are much too small to organise an efficient hospital system.

Two planning bodies are proposed, Regional and Area, acting concurrently, and each reporting its suggestions to the Minister, who will then give instructions to the local authorities. The Regional Councils are to be based on the areas of influence of the University Medical Schools, about a dozen for the whole country. Each Council is to have four local authority members out of a total of 15, and it will certainly have one useful function—to "short-list" candidates for specialist and senior hospital appointments. Area Planning Councils will be set up in areas comparable in size to those originally proposed for the Joint Authorities, *i.e.*, 30 or 35 for England and Wales. With a great show of virtue the Minister announces that, as these bodies are statutorily responsible for producing a plan involving considerable and obligatory public expenditure, there must be a majority of local authority representatives on them, and accordingly the local authorities are to be given 18 members out of a total of 30. But that this professed retention of democratic principles is pure eye-wash, as far as hospitals are concerned, is shown by the statement that in each area there will also be in addition a Hospital Planning Group in which the local authorities will not be in a majority, and that both this Group and the Regional Council will have equal access to the Minister with the Area Council.

The general practitioner section of the new service is to be based on the panel, but it will be open not only to a certain section of the population (insured persons), but to all of it. It might at first sight seem strange that the B.M.A., which opposed the "panel" so wholeheartedly a quarter of a century ago, should now regard it as the ideal type of general practitioner service. But "panel" practices are salable commodities, and an extension of the "panel" must imply an increased value of the practice to be sold.

No more retrograde step could possibly be conceived than the extension to the whole population of the type of service provided under the National Health Insurance Act. The people know something of the panel, because they have suffered from it. They expect something better and will see that they get it. But it is not only that the panel is unpopular. Although many of its doctors do their best for their patients, there is little to encourage them to do so. In the first place it is solely a disease service. There is no thought of the maintenance of health or prevention of ill-health about it, and the panel doctor has no contacts or association with the preventive services. It is only when the patient feels himself unwell—usually too ill to carry on—that he seeks advice, and then the doctor's business is solely to rid him of his present trouble, which too often means merely relieving him of immediate and unpleasant symptoms.

Worse still, the continuance and extension of the panel means the continuance of two types of patient—the private, who enter by the front door and are seen at once, and the public, who come in at the back and have to wait long periods. And two types of patient mean two types of treatment. The B.M.A. Memorandum tells us "A patient would be free at any time to transfer from public to private service or vice versa. He could do this for all types of medical care or some types only." What is to prevent an anxious husband, when his wife or child are seriously ill, from asking the doctor to treat them as private patients, hoping thereby to obtain more careful treatment? And what is to prevent less scrupulous members of the profession encouraging or even suggesting this? And what is more certain to wreck the whole scheme for a National Health Service?

The Government, we are told in the Memorandum, do not propose to make any alteration in the present custom of selling public practices, though they intend to institute a full inquiry later. Nothing can justify the sale of practices paid for out of public funds. Why should appointments in the only medical service available to the majority of the people be sold to the highest bidder, of whom nothing may be known except that he once passed an examination indicating that he possessed a minimum of medical knowledge? And besides, what about the 10,000 or 12,000 doctors who will soon be released from the Services? Must each of these buy a practice before he can start work again?

The Health Centre idea has captivated the public. The pooling of knowledge and experience and the close association of preventive and curative services have appealed to them. The majority of doctors, according to the B.M.A. questionnaire, are in favour of Health Centres. But most of the practitioners who attended the B.M.A. annual meeting voted against them. As the B.M.A. has been at some pains to point out, the institution of whole-time practice from Health Centres would reduce the demand for public and private practices, and in consequence their salable value would go down, and it is possible that this fact may have influenced the B.M.A. decision. However that may be, the B.M.A. seems to have been successful in influencing the Minister, and all we are to get is a "centrally controlled experiment with different types of Centre."

But the B.M.A. has been at pains to make sure that this experiment will prove a failure. First, the essential factor of Health Centre practice is co-operation and team work among the doctors. This will obviously be impossible while the payment of doctors is, at any rate in part, by capitation, which means that each doctor is struggling against all the rest to acquire patients. But the second method of ensuring the failure of the Health Centre experiment is more subtle and effective. The general practitioners who work in the Health Centres are to be employed either by a Central Medical Board, or by a glorified Insurance Committee, the Centre itself being provided and maintained by the local authority together with the other services conducted in and from it. Could any scheme be devised to ensure antagonism with more certainty between the two parties concerned? The practitioners will complain that the facilities provided in the Health Centre are not what they require, but will have no direct approach to the local authority. The patients will complain to the local authority that the treatment they are receiving from the doctors is not of the best, but will be told that nothing can be done about it. There will be nothing to associate the doctors working in the Health Centres with the preventive services provided by the local authority and centred in them. Unity of control is essential for efficiency of service.

GABRIEL FAURÉ

One hundred years ago to-day was born a musician whose life's work holds a lesson of some importance to the present day. The best music is, I take it, ultimately the product of strong personal feeling controlled by a clever sense of the form appropriate to it. A perfect blending of the two faculties produces a kind of elegance in which the nineteenth century was peculiarly rich but in which our own is almost wholly lacking. That elegance radiated from France—the France of Chassériau, of Fromentin, of Degas, of Renan—and of Gabriel Fauré. A woman who knew him intimately has told me that Fauré was a man of violent, capricious passions. A single glance at the proud and masterful outset of the G Minor Piano Quartet might lead one to suspect this; but any such impressions—and they inevitably arise throughout Fauré's work, in one guise or another—are immediately corrected by the beautiful decorum of the setting. This is private art *par excellence*, written for people of cultivated sensibilities assembled in a drawing-room. Fauré's music has never been popular, in the wide sense, even in France, and is unlikely ever to become so. Exquisitely human, representing the height of civilised feeling, his idiom narrows, by its extreme refinement, the scope of its appeal; but within its self-imposed limitations a more intensely expressive music would be hard to find.

Expressive and *personal*. Where his master, Saint-Saëns, employed a remarkably finished classical technique to enclose a void, Fauré developed a similar style to express the genial perceptions of a sensuous and energetic nature. But — partly no doubt owing to the classical bent of his mind—Fauré does not belong to the large class of dreamers. Some of his slow movements and songs certainly have a rapt, contemplative quality; but dreamers are essentially solitary, whereas Fauré seems to have been a sociable man. In any case, his art never fails to be eminently communicative and affectionate, permeating the listener with the sense of a world, not indeed empty of tragedy and violence, but in which those forms of evil are subsumed in an argument of impassioned reason.

Perhaps also because of his classicism (though this seems more questionable) Fauré was no more an Impressionist than Chausson or Duparc or d'Indy; further from César Franck than any

of these, he contrived to remain equally far from Debussy. Nature—woods and skies and the sea—does not interest Fauré directly, so he is not concerned to make us see it except as reflected in the microcosm of the heart. In this sense he is an inheritor of Mozart, of Chopin and (at any rate, in his chamber music) of Schumann. From Mozart he learnt restraint and a resolutely high finish; from Chopin the long melodic line, the eloquent phraseology, the tonal freedom, the large and varied repertoire of accompaniment figures; from Schumann the sudden, spectacular felicities in which his developments abound, and those codas in which whole movements are completely and magically illumined. From Schumann, too, I would deduce the wonderful lyricism, at once tender and masculine (so much more masculine than Chopin's), of Fauré's slow movements.

When one considers how great a part the organ played in this musician's life (Fauré was a professional organist, at St. Sulpice, the Madeleine and elsewhere, for more than half his adult life), it is remarkable that this omnivorous instrument should have failed to influence his music; for it is a fact that neither Fauré's orchestral nor his pianistic writing ever shows that preoccupation with sustained sonority which is so continuously emphatic in the work of other organist composers such as Bruckner, Franck, Reger and Widor. When Fauré uses the organ as part of his orchestra—in the Requiem, for instance—it is with the utmost discretion. Nor is his orchestration luxurious and elaborate, like that of his pupils, Ravel and Florent Schmitt: on the contrary, it has the parsimonious clarity that we associate with Bizet, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and lesser composers of the characteristically French school which refuses to regard the modern orchestra as an end in itself.

Yet from his connection with the church proceeded at least one work which it is difficult not to consider as Fauré's most perfect achievement: the Requiem (1888). Private as ever, this small but celestial work is a miracle of art—a formal masterpiece like some great little picture in which every object is *placed* with the utmost exactitude, leaving in the mind an enduring impression of beauty, serenity and truth.

Apart from this one work it is probably on his songs and piano pieces that Fauré's reputation will continue mainly to rest. The opera, *Pénélope*, composed in 1913, contains some distinguished music and is unfaltering in the purity of its style; but it is painfully undramatic and entirely lacking in that forward drive which is so important an ingredient of any effective operatic method. But Fauré knew as well as anyone how to write for the voice, and his songs are among the best ever composed by a Frenchman. They are *romances*, not *Lieder*. This rather subtle distinction is perhaps best understood by comparing Fauré's cycle, *La Bonne Chanson*, with Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, of which it is in some sort the French equivalent. The emotion, and its expression in melody, are not less fervid in Fauré's case than in Schumann's; but they are not dramatised. The music establishes the mood of the text once for all, and whether placid or excited, remains strictly within the limits of the purely lyrical. At their worst, Fauré's songs are dull—conventional; at their best they achieve an uninterrupted curve of melody which distils a ravishing sweetness and a singular purity of intent.

Towards the end of his life Fauré's style became drier, less communicative, but stricter than ever. The luscious romantic harmony, which, however kaleidoscopic, had always been firmly underpinned by a single tonality, later gave way to a strange, monochrome style, severely diatonic, but giving the impression of employing several tonal centres simultaneously. There are few more curious pages in the whole of music than those in which this ageing master committed to posterity the final discoveries of his passionate yet most distinguished nature. The two *Piano Quintets*, the last two *Nocturnes* for piano, the *Barcarolles*, the *Pièces Brèves*, the E flat minor *String Quartet*: these late works are far more mannered than those of the composer's youth and middle-age; but they have the calm, dignified beauty of emotion vividly recaptured by a mind in perfect harmony with itself. The knowledge of limitations is usually among the later fruits of experience, but Fauré—like Chopin and Brahms—seems always to have possessed it. Once only—in *Pénélope*—he set himself a task to which his genius was on the whole unsuited; and even here his failure is only comparative.

One outstanding characteristic of Fauré's mature style became even more marked in his last works: I mean the extraordinary, baroque flow of his instrumental music—the endless chains of imitation flowering one out of another, on and on and on. . . . A movement that never pauses and never changes its rhythm is only agreeable—indeed only bearable—if it is short, and I shall not pretend that I do not find some of Fauré's later music, beautifully articulated as it invariably is, ultimately rather wearisome. For this reason alone I cannot follow those who consider the *String Quartet*, op. 121, and *L'Horizon Chimérique*, the climax of the composer's achievement. But in his earlier works this very flow can add to the enchantment of the material, so that we are caught up and carried along by that swift ecstasy in which feeling and thought have become one—united like those shining qualities of the beloved extolled at the end of *La Bonne Chanson*:

> Que vienne l'été! Que viennent encore
> L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison
> Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore
> Cette fantaisie et cette raison!

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

RADIO NOTES

THAT excellent series, "To Start You Talking," has now been published in book form and makes good reading. I wish Stephen Potter would do the same with his "How" programmes; and why not a volume of miscellaneous literary features? Many people, I am sure, would enjoy reading some of the broadcasts writers like Robert Gittings and V. S. Pritchett and Louis MacNeice have contributed in the past four years. Such a volume would also almost certainly act as a guide and spur to undiscovered talent.

Miss Elizabeth Bowen's "New Judgment" on Anthony Trollope last week was a case in point. Much astute criticism—not only of Trollope himself but of the novelist's art, of his relation to life in general and to modern life in particular—was packed into this clever, entertaining piece of radio. But there was, I felt, too much in it for the unaided ear to retain: I should have liked to refresh my memory with the script next day. These things are too good to be lost, and inasmuch as they are discursions rather than plays, possess an inherent right to both forms of publication.

The first thing a modern critic of Trollope has to do is to account for the boom, which has been going on for some years and seems even to be on the increase, in the work of this amiable novelist. Perhaps that last epithet goes some way towards answering the question, but Miss Bowen, I believe, went deeper when she suggested that Trollope's world is "a moral support against the contemporary sense of hopelessness." Her young officer on leave, meeting the ghost of Trollope in the train, had probably been moved by some such emotion when he asked his uncle to lend him one of Trollope's books. That he got the Autobiography and not one of the novels, helped to underline Miss Bowen's acute perception of the spring of action in this prosaic but most human novelist. Why we feel Trollope to be a moral support just now, Miss Bowen went on to say, is because his characters are "stronger than their circumstances." Trollope's triumph over the depressing effect of his unpleasant father, who *wanted* his son to be a failure, was exteriorised in the toughness of moral fibre which is a salient feature of the people he loved to portray. That, I think, is the truth, rather than the more superficial view that we find these novels a comforting escape from the horrors that surround us. In any case, to represent Trollope's world as a mere daisy-chain means ignoring the mordant satirist who was never entirely asleep: *The Way We Live Now* is a savage book, and, in creating Lady Eustace, Trollope tells a certain type of useless, harmful woman exactly when she gets off. In the part of Trollope Cecil Trouncer achieved what is known as a perfect thumbnail sketch. With the impression of luxurious misanthropy left in my mind by his staggering performance as Bosola in *The Duchess of Malfi*, I feared Mr. Trouncer would here seem miscast. I was quite wrong. On the other hand, Peter Watts, I must protest against the dreadful staginess and unreality of the two intercuts (Trollope being lionised by Society; Trollope in his club). A more shaming exhibition of perfunctory theatrics I have seldom heard.

And now for *Doctor Thorne*. About the serial which is just over, *The Wheels of Chance*, perhaps the less said the better. The two-piano music at least was skilful and entertaining; both the play and the acting gave me an impression of almost unrelieved silliness. *Doctor Thorne* could hardly fail to be more acceptable, and so far as Episode 1 is concerned, it is. The adapter, Mr. Oldfield Box, opines that this is not only Trollope's best novel, but contains his best plot. I dissent strongly from the last part of that statement; in favour of *The Eustace Diamonds*, which has always seemed to me to possess the most ingenious plot in English fiction. Incidentally it would make a first-class serial. I shall return later on to the production of *Doctor Thorne*, which promises to have outstanding qualities.

THE MOVIES

"The Picture of Dorian Gray," at the Empire

As a reader and a film-goer I am profoundly grateful for every literary masterpiece the screen passes by. Never may I see Mr. Cecil B. De Mille's *Divine Comedy*, Mr. Walt Disney's *Rabelais*, *Emma*, *Passage to India*, *Tristram Shandy*, or *Dead Souls*. The sensation of encountering a masterpiece in a guise itself obviously far removed from masterpieces can be, to say the least, depressing. But there are fields in the master line that deserve to be enterprisingly explored. The sub-masterpiece is a legitimate prey. As such I should unhesitatingly classify Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, though I speak, let me confess, from a memory unrefreshed for twenty years. But that jewelled and scented style, that morbid sentimentality, those gingerly and respectable advances towards sin: I revere my Baudelaire far too strictly ever to admit vulgar imitations. Wilde's espousal of caddishness can be wonderful in its lighter forms; but when he's serious—oh lord! he cringes before his own devils. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* is painful: these are the depths to which sincerity can drag an habitual liar. And *Dorian Gray* friends who have read it lately assure me that it can only be enjoyed as parody, but I stick to my opinion that here is a sub-masterpiece, a Mayfair *Dr. Faustus*, a rich Victorian cream bun. It appears at the Empire somewhat chastened—improved perhaps?—from the original. The wit, the sententiousness, the melodrama are there in a setting that stylishly reflects a period. The shocking Lord Henry Wotton (George Sanders) corrupts his mind while he lounges indoors wearing his grey topper (only removed to capture a rare butterfly, which shall die to an epigram about fleetingness), the dinner-table, the studio, the club are admirably ljvelier than life; an angel of feminine purity rises in the smoke of a bar room, to vanish later (suitably one feels) in the mists of the river; and Dorian—Dorian the gilded stinkwort—indulges in what one can only call nameless orgies. These are very well perfectly realised on the screen: a bar room, an opium-den in the East End, a Balinese dancer at a *soirée*, being displayed about as excitingly as the *Enfers* in pre-war Montmartre. Dorian does, it is true, murder one man and cause others to make away with themselves, but the tendency of the whole film and of Mr. Hurd Hatfield's performance is to impress upon us a tame and somewhat morose dandyism. This film is thrilling in its way, but the fable of conscience in the attic acquires at times an almost Kafka-like austerity. I don't remember ever feeling this about the original.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE B.B.C.

SIR,—The article on *The Future of Broadcasting* in your issue of Feb. 17th affords an opening for a suggestion to remedy a state of affairs from which I know that many wartime exiles besides myself suffer. The news of battles on land, sea and in the air are fully and admirably covered by the B.B.C. services. The technical commentaries on them seem always ample and excellent. But what one has missed through the war—and under the existing system inevitably must miss in the B.B.C. transmissions—is the free and unfettered voice of political criticism and controversy. This is the very essence of our democratic system and a source of unending amazement and admiration for those foreigners who have been made aware of its existence despite the restraints imposed by a war for survival. We have, indeed, from time to time indications that there are still such voices to be heard at home, for example, in the summaries of Parliamentary proceedings, but always in a way which savours of official condescension, of the admission in a Government report of the existence of certain opposition. I do not think it is doing any injustice to the B.B.C. to say that the actual voices of criticism are never heard. It is not enough to be made vaguely aware of the fact that, despite all war-time controls, a freedom of criticism has been preserved in Britain which had disappeared from the rest of warring Europe: one wants to hear critics and opposition with the same directness as that with which they can present their views in the press at home.

When three-months-old newspapers and periodicals do arrive, and one can find time to hunt through the haystacks of out-of-date war news in search of the few bright needles of political information which have not also been rendered stale by the passage of time, one is often amazed or annoyed to see how one has misinterpreted the reactions of public opinion or of personalities to this or that controversial issue or development, through having to rely on the view, not of the persons or parties concerned but on the product of the B.B.C. filter

Why should we not have completely free "air newspapers"? We war exiles—and the same will hold good of similar exiles in peacetime—do not want to hear what the B.B.C. commentator thinks we ought to be told of the contents of the *Times* or the *Daily Herald*; we want to know each day what the Editor of each paper himself thinks it most important to pass on to Englishmen abroad from the contents. I suggest that this could easily be done were "air space," on an agreed basis of equity (in which circulation figures could not be the only factor), to be allotted to representative publications. This should be at the unfettered disposal of their Editors. Without this there can be no broadcasting democracy. Three times a day there should be an overseas feature, "Your Own Newspaper." During his allotted two or more minutes, a speaker—for preference supplied by the newspaper or periodical concerned—should read out, free of any control of the B.B.C., anything from the contents of the current issue which the Editor decided should be broadcast.

Had such a system been put into force at the outset of the war, not only would Britons abroad have been more certain of the preservation of democratic liberties at home, but they would have been given an irresistible weapon with which to counter allegations that wartime controls had reduced democracy in Britain to the level of an authoritarian system. It would also have enabled them to do their share to fight authoritarian tendencies where these appeared at home. Let nobody say that one result would have been to encourage the enemy by dissension in Britain. I have myself had to follow enemy broadcasts in various languages closely enough to know that the enemy has lost no chance to follow this propaganda line on the basis of the printed newspapers available to him, reinforced by lies and distortions. Had the actual passages been available to Britons abroad, it would have been much simpler to refute the enemy arguments where these seemed to impress foreigners. And I personally should now be returning to my profession far better informed as to what has really been going on at home during the war.

G. E. R. GEDYE

Istambul.

DISTANCE AND VOTING

SIR,—A gap in electoral arrangements, affecting thousands of voters, was made evident to me when I recently visited my local Town Hall to ascertain whether my name was down on the voting list. After a long wait and a seemingly laborious search, I was informed that as I had only recently moved to this particular district, my name would be registered in the area of my former address and that I should have to go there to vote. Upon asking, "And, if I had just moved from Scotland, would I have to go up there to vote?" The reply was "Yes."

It so happens that I have removed the relatively small distance of twelve miles and could, I suppose, in normal circumstances, go on the appointed day and place my X in the chosen place, but I am a mother and have a job, and whereas in my present district I might have been able to attend meetings and have chosen with some discretion and forethought, I find a journey across London and back, in time and money, is quite out of the question. And what of the thousands who must have removed very much further than myself since Jan. 31st?

I fully appreciate that the voting list must be closed at a certain date, but surely some provision must be made to enable the fluctuating population to have its chance of rightful citizenship.

WOULD-BE VOTER

WHOSE CHILDREN?

SIR,—I am headmaster of a modern school under a county education authority. Children from just inside the boundary of an adjacent county borough whose homes are at a lonely spot 1,200 feet above sea level and some four miles from the centre of the city, also attend my school. In August, 1943, I admitted one of these children, a girl of 11 years and the last of a large family most of whose members had needed the care of the local N.S.P.C.C. inspectors. Her elder brother, age 13, was already with me. Both were so ill clad, ill shod and ill nourished that the staff gave them clothing and footwear and, although the family income was far in excess of that allowing free milk and free dinners, I broke regulations to let them have both without payment.

In September the county police found the boy sleeping under a form in a tram shelter; later, also after midnight, they found the girl in the same shelter. Through the county police—a most humane body of men—I asked the N.S.P.C.C. inspector to warn the parents that I would not tolerate the continued neglect of the two children. (On a bitterly cold day in the winter of 1942–43, I had sent for the mother because the lad had come to school through snow four inches deep in stockingless feet which were bare through the almost sole-less pumps he was wearing.) By the middle of October the girl was verminous and had a running sore on her neck. On October 18th I wrote to the city medical officer of health imploring him to give his personal attention to the revolting detail set out in my letter. I am still without an acknowledgment of that letter. Exclusion by the county school nurse only made things worse, for the girl was away from the only people who cared. By November 16th, when I succeeded in having the girl again at the school clinic, she was a mass of septic sores from head to foot. The nurse reported that she had rung up the city health department. The official who answered "seemed bored"; she did not think he would do anything. I myself immediately rang up the same department only to receive

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JONATHAN CAPE

monosyllabic replies such as "Yes" when I asked whether my letter had been received and "No" when I asked whether I could expect a reply. When I observed that I ought to have an acknowledgment, the official said he saw no need for this as a month had elapsed since I had written. At this point I complained of his discourtesy and he promptly said he "had finished with me" and cut me off.

At my wits' end I wrote to our county school medical officer who had known the family for years. She replied that the boy and girl were the concern of the city medical officer. Next I wrote to my own Education Officer saying that the condition of the children was a burden on my soul. A prompt reply stated that he had communicated with the Director of Education for the city who had promised to investigate the matter. Days went by so I rang up the city Director who said he had "not the faintest idea what I was talking about." December came and, apart from a call from a city sanitary inspector who told me he had visited the home and informed the parents that they must clean up some human excretion of recent and former evacuation on the floor of one of the rooms, nothing happened. Meantime, the girl's body was rotting.

Once again I appealed to the N.S.P.C.C. inspector. I found that two days previous to this appeal he had had the girl removed to a hospital. So that she should not return to her home and so that the boy also should be taken from his parents, I asked the inspector to prosecute the parents for wilful neglect. Although I had stated in writing that I wished to appear as a witness for the prosecution, he asked me to write to the N.S.P.C.C. headquarters urging them to prosecute and repeating my promise to be the chief witness. This I did. In January, 1944, after the hospital doctor had confirmed my evidence on the girl's condition, the parents were sent to prison. The two children were removed from the custody of the parents and are now well and happy.

The three things which are most disturbing to me are: (1) the dilatoriness of the city health department—had action been taken in October, 1943, the children would have been spared three months' suffering and the parents their term of imprisonment; (2) the difficulty in getting witnesses to give the same testimony in court as they had given me voluntarily—even the county school nurse asked me "to keep her name out of it" because she feared victimisation and (3) the reluctance of the N.S.P.C.C. inspectors to take a case to court.

ALPHONSE

CHILDREN AND MACHINES

SIR,—Professor Joad, in "A London Diary," remarks that children are more interested in motor-cars, tractors, and aeroplanes than in the Springtime beauty of trees and flowers. He regards this as "original aesthetic sin," and concludes that we do not love the highest when first we see it. I do not think the question of aesthetics comes into it here. Children are interested by things which stimulate their curiosity. How does an aeroplane keep up in the air? Why does a tractor pull a plough behind it? The child asks these questions, and can usually understand the answer, if it is simply explained. The desire to know what makes the wheels go round is something that every healthy child should have; alas, too often he loses it as he grows up and becomes a man without intellectual curiosity. The scientist has kept this desire to know how and why, and has not grown out of the excellent habit of asking questions.

Trees and flowers and all living things may pose questions, but the questions are not so simple, and are much more difficult to answer. We cannot give an easy explanation of the dividing cell, the rising sap, the pattern and arrangement of colours, or the secretion of scent, when these things are still in part mysteries even to the scientist. It is so much easier to ask, and to answer, questions about carburettors and crankshafts. Sooner or later the child comes up against the question "What is life?" and balked of an answer he turns to the simplicity of the machine.

I do not suggest that aesthetic pleasure in beauty is the result of curiosity, but curiosity comes first, aesthetics is a later and more adult reaction; to this extent Professor Joad is right. There is at present a shop window at the corner of Dover Street and Piccadilly which always attracts a large crowd: it is not the window of a flower shop, nor does it exhibit objects of *virtu*: the window contains a sectioned aeroplane engine with the parts in motion. To the engineer this engine is beautiful; would Professor Joad deny the engineer his right to aesthetic pleasure in it, or accuse him of original sin?

Let us be thankful that England has always produced men who saw beauty, as Kipling saw it, in machines. Had it been otherwise we might have suffered the fate of China, a country with an exquisite aesthetic culture groaning under the heel of a more scientific and technically advanced oppressor.

ROGER NORTH

SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—In a letter of mine, published in your issue of March 10th on the subject of "Frontiers in Africa," I wrote of "the possibility—which is almost a probability—of a Republican-Fascist government in South Africa after the war"; but I had not expected such early confirmation of my fears.

According to the news report in to-day's *Scotsman* Smuts has declared White supremacy to be the fixed policy of the South African government, and he has threatened that those who encourage the Africans to resist South African "native" policy will be "removed." He is also reported as saying that he looked upon the High Commission territories as already within the Union of South Africa. The Africans from these territories are to be "recruited" as farm labour, and "surplus natives" are to be "removed" from urban areas.

I can see no qualitative difference between the policy which Smuts declares to be his and the "Herrenvolk" policy of Nazi Germany with all its loathsome cruelties. There is a distinct resemblance between the territorial ambitions of Hitler and those which Smuts has inherited from Hertzog; and the threat to "remove" political opponents—an action of which Smuts has proved himself capable before—is in the traditions of Fascism and secret police.

It is imperative that, within the British Commonwealth of Nations, we honour our pledges to subject peoples. Apart from the loyal services which have been rendered by Indians and Africans in the British Army, coloured men (including Bantu, Indians, and Cape Coloureds) have given their blood and their lives in the ranks of the South African Army. They have all been volunteers, and many of them have been consciously fighting, as they supposed, in the cause of "democracy" and "freedom." The tone of Field-Marshal Smuts's remarks constitutes a depraved and cynical betrayal of these men and of the ideals for which we were fighting.

ERROLL WILMOTT

FRIENDS OF HOLLAND

SIR,—Following the appeal in this paper, I have received a whole-hearted response, and I should like to thank you all for your great generosity.

There is, however, one thing which I must rectify: it is no longer possible to send food to Holland as this is now in the hands of the Ministry of Food, who have generously dropped the supplies which were needed so very badly; but all kinds of clothing, shoes, underwear, furniture, black-out curtains, fire watchers' blankets and beds can still be sent.

Lt.-Col. Dr. A. M. MEERLOO,
Netherlands Welfare Commissioner,
80, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

[N.B., the correct address to which parcels for the "Help Holland Council" should be sent is c/o Andrew Clement and Sons, Ltd., A.2. Warehouse, Cotton's Wharf Yard, Tooley Street, S.E.1.]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"ANGER is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind." So, against all Stoic doctrine, writes Thomas Fuller in his delightful *Holy State*. William Blake might have agreed with Fuller. "Damn braces; bless relaxes," was one of the Proverbs of Hell.

The world is swept by indignation, righteous or devilish. Since repressed wrath, "sinew-shrunk," may induce grave maladies of mind and body, it is well to seek some harmless outlet for rage, some prophylactic that may secure us from the too prevalent disposition "to be angry for every toy": a consequence of war-exasperation. This relief one may hope to find in the unexpectedly curative properties of Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's revised, but not very carefully revised, anthology, *Invective and Abuse*,* which carries us on a vituperative voyage through the greater part of English literature, recording the scorn and fury of many of the great writers and a few of the small. Their railings now sound safe. Nearly all of them are dead. (By the way, I have to break to Mr. Kingsmill the news that one whom he persists in calling "the most controversial of *living* writers," G. K. Chesterton, died in 1936.) Extinct resentments can do no harm. Indeed, they can divert and console us by reminding us how constant are the themes of abusive rhetoric. They can help us, as Bacon put it, to "looke back upon anger when the fit is thoroughly over."

Mr. Kingsmill's specimens are arranged in chronological order as against the two alternative methods considered by him: classification by epochs which would "give too much importance to the age and too little to the individual," and division into imaginative and historical invective. These are rather fine distinctions; for a chronological sequence inevitably groups writers of one epoch together, even if the compiler refrains from labelling them Elizabethan, or Caroline or Augustan; and invective demonstrably historical, as Mr. Kingsmill sees and says, is apt to merge into the imaginative sort, often inspired by contemporary life and manners.

A third method suggests itself which I commend to Mr. Kingsmill for another anthology. This would be to group invective or abuse (another fine distinction which Mr. Kingsmill thinks obvious to everybody) according to the *subject-matter* of denunciation; to exhibit historical or imaginative anger directed against institutions and persons, war and peace, vices and virtues, husbands and wives, death, life and even the habit of abuse itself. This classification by subject was popular in eighteenth-century volumes of Elegant Extracts and Poetical Beauties gathered from the English stage. Applied alphabetically to abuse, it would make a bracing Dictionary of Damnation, to which, as each torment assailed us, we could turn for homœopathic hints out of other people's pet hatreds.

However, Mr. Kingsmill is committed to chronology, without epochs, and his first extract is from John Skelton's satire on Cardinal Wolsey. This is personal and particular. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better to open the series with something more comprehensive, from a poet far greater than the orthodox Skelton, that is, with a page from the profoundly moving *Piers the Plowman*. "Long Willie" Langland may not have been a revolutionary, or of the Left even, as we should now say; from him, nevertheless, can be extracted such noble passages of pity for the poor as imply a mordant contempt for the power of the rich. But Mr. Kingsmill is not very strong in generalised extracts. It is true that when he reaches the authorised version of the Bible he "complaineth of life" with Job; ignoring Ecclesiastes, a supreme example of the "abuse of life." Of the woe-unto-ye school of prophecy, in Old and New Testaments, he gives several examples. But he neglects the Book of Common Prayer with its Commination or denouncing of God's anger and judgment against sinners ("thy servants who are vile earth") and its curses against those who put their trust in man. And of wide-ranging invective how came he to forget the anatomist of melancholy, Robert Burton, in his introductory *Democritus to the Reader?* Listen to this, in abuse of men—

> Let them be barbarous as they are: let them tyrannize, epicurize, oppress, luxuriate, consume themselves with factions, superstitions, law-suits, wars and contentions, live in riot, want, misery; rebel, wallow as so many swine in their own dung with Ulysses' companions: *stultos iubeo esse libenter*.

Certainly Democritus Junior was a master in the derision of human folly and of "the abuse of Life" in general. But does Mr. Kingsmill grasp the meaning of that phrase? He seems to suppose that abuse is the same thing as lamentation. Thus, after an excellent choice from Shakespeare's denunciations in *Timon*, *Coriolanus* and *Lear*, he quotes the lovely sonnet, "Tir'd with all these for restful death I cry," as though it were abusive, whereas it is merely meditative. In like manner, when he comes to the Restoration, great age of invective, when Party feeling ran high, a grand time for the anthologist, Mr. Kingsmill, after quoting, naturally, from Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Mac Flecknoe*, also quotes the celebrated passage—"When I consider life, t'is all a cheat." "Cheat" is certainly a word of abuse, but the *tone* of that passage from *Aurungzebe*, marred by the omission of the last two lines, is not abusive, but sorrowful, disillusioned. Had Mr. Kingsmill turned back a few pages in the same play he would have found a much more pungent passage against the rewards of Virtue—

> How vain is virtue which directs our ways
> Through certain danger to uncertain praise!
> Barren and aery name! Thee fortune flies
> With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise . . .

He prints also from Dryden's beloved disciple, John Oldham, a sharp piece against the Jesuits; but nothing of the remarkable repertory of abuse from the once famous John Cleveland (1658), fierce against the rebel Scot and on occasion a venomous wife-hater; nothing either from the rich collections of loyal songs beginning with the Rump Parliament volume of 1662 and continuing through the caustic *Poems on Affairs of State* (1703–7); while Robert Gould (1689), more human than Oldham, would some other day give him plenty of abuse of ill-wives, of Woman and of Man, thus:

> Slave to his Passions, every several lust
> Whisks him about, as Whirlwinds do the dust:
> And dust indeed he is, a senseless Clod
> That swells and struts, and would be thought a god.

One of the most regrettable of Mr. Kingsmill's omissions from this same violent Restoration period is (as I at first thought) Rochester, the genius of contempt and disillusionment. What, nothing from the brilliant *Satyr against Mankind*, in which occurs the celebrated line "For all men would be cowards if they durst"?

> Were I who to my cost already am
> One of those strange prodigious creatures Man . . .

But, at a second glance, I perceive that Mr. Kingsmill has printed a fragment only from "Husband thou dull unpitied miscreant" (against marriage), heading it "Anonymous." Why? Admittedly the canon of Rochester's poems is hard to fix, but this poem appears as his in nearly all the early editions—for instance in that of 1707 (with Roscommon)—and it was included, I think, without question, in Mr. John Hayward's careful Nonesuch Edition of Rochester.

In all this I think Mr. Kingsmill, aiming at "direct verbal attack," has hampered himself by trying to exclude irony, which is indirect abuse, and satire, which by early writers was almost a technical term specialised for anything contemptuous. To dodge "satyr," in that sense, is as though one were to make an anthology of short poems and to rule out lyrics, sonnets and epigrams. Thus disarmed, however, Mr. Kingsmill manages to break his own prohibition by including brilliant extracts from Hudibras Butler, Dryden (as I said), Pope, Swift and Churchill; though he gives nothing from Swift's poems.

From *Gulliver*, greatest of all English satires on mankind, he rightly quotes a passage of that terrible last section which Time has made even more real to-day, when the Yahoos are about again, than it can have seemed since this devastating book was written. The last sentences could be catalogued under the heading Pride in Man (abuse of)—

> When I behold a Lump of Deformity and Diseases both in Body and Mind smitten with *Pride* it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an Animal and such a Vice could tally together . . . I here intreat those who have any Tincture of this absurd Vice that they will not presume to appear in my Sight.

No English writer after Swift ever equalled him in the expression of that sickened sense of physical disgust with human perversity. After him nearly all invective sounds softened, or just witty, as with Pope, of whose *Dunciad* Mr. Kingsmill gives a very fair estimate in one of the best of his always amusing notes. The Eighteenth Century, after a literary cleansing from "Atticus" Addison (whom Pope abused), became too rational for rage and its invective sinks into anonymous broadsheets and pamphlets, until Churchill gives it a fresh energy. With the Nineteenth Century Respectability begins to act as Censor, in spite of Shelley, Cobbett and Macaulay. From Byron Mr. Kingsmill takes nothing; possibly because *Don Juan* and *The Vision of Judgement* are too ironical, or too satirical. But not much space would have been required for a few of the epigrams; as this, in abuse of Byron's own existence.

> Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing—except thirty-three.

For this period, and later still, Mr. Kingsmill relies on the surreptitious snarls of several famous writers. Blake, who could so nobly denounce the evils of his age, appears only in his not very clever gibes against the mediocrities who got on his earthly nerves while he was endeavouring to live in Eternity.

But worst of all, in the line of direct personal attack, are the passages quoted as typical of the evil temper of Thomas Carlyle, out of whose *Latter-day Pamphlets* and *Past and Present* could be gathered splendid passages of scorn aimed at such still existent personages or politicians as Messrs. Dogdraught, Rigmarole and Dolittle—

> Is not Pandarus Dogdraught a member of select clubs and admitted into the drawing-rooms of men? Visibly to all persons he is of the offal of Creation; but he carries money in his purse, due lacker on his dog-visage, and it is believed will not steal spoons.

Mr. Kingsmill prefers to review the old man's rancorous remarks concerning several of his friends and contemporaries. They misrepresent or exaggerate (if possible) Carlyle's malevolence. The description of Coleridge, for example, as "a weak, diffusive, weltering, ineffectual man," should be corrected by reference to the whole incomparable chapter in *John Sterling*, where kind if patronising things are said about Coleridge at Highgate. Carlyle's *obiter dicta* are rather monotonous, too. Everybody a poor creature but Thomas! And, in order to enjoy a retaliatory outburst, I must say that, when he reviled Lamb as "a pitiful ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool"—not forgetting to mention insanity, so as to add cruelty to contempt—Carlyle was himself a despicable, dyspeptic, base, cowardly, scurvy and sanctimonious old cad.

Do I feel better? Not much. Sinewy anger is apt to degenerate into nervous irritation. It should be braced only on high provocation. And perhaps the placid Robert Bridges was right after all, when he wrote—

> Earth hath no sin but thine
> Dull eye of scorn:
> O'er thee the sun doth pine:
> And angels mourn.

RICHARD JENNINGS

* *Invective and Abuse: an Anthology*. By HUGH KINGSMILL. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

THE SCIENCE OF CULTURE

A Scientific Theory of Culture and Other Essays. By BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI. *Chapel Hill. University of N. Carolina Press.* $13.

Malinowski died in middle life with the capacity in him to carry his bold and original work a great deal further. His influence flowed not merely from his books, which have become in our generation a model for field-workers in anthropology, but also from the inspiration he gave as a teacher to an able band of students and disciples. What was missing hitherto was any systematic account of the new "functional" approach to his science which he had reached in practice and in controversy. Here in this posthumous book it is to be found at last. It contains three essays: a fairly full statement of his theoretical position under the title, "A Scientific Theory of Culture"; a brief summary, "The Functional Theory," which covers much the same ground; and a study of Frazer, the man and his work.

For the general reader the last of these three essays will be by far the most attractive and instructive. It is written with ease and even with grace, for Malinowski could use our language, when he chose, with a mastery that recalls Conrad's achievement. Frazer was not an easy man to know, but here is a vital sketch by a friend who could penetrate his defensive veil of shyness. Here, too, is a worthy tribute as much to the intuitive artist that Frazer was, as to the methodical and laborious man of science. The estimate of his work that follows is a model of constructive criticism, for while Malinowski exposes some of the scientist's initial errors, he also points to the sure intuition of the artist, which so often enabled him to surmount and correct them as he went on.

From this generous criticism most readers will gain a rather clearer view of Malinowski's own position than from the two systematic essays. These were, for this reviewer, a disappointment. They are written in a rather arid style. Their discussions of the views of other schools are much too summary, and Malinowski rarely pauses to enrich his too abstract statements with concrete illustrations. His vocabulary is often clumsily technical and at times he writes interminable sentences, where he could have conveyed a not very recondite thought much more simply. Much of his exposition, with its tables and diagrams, seems a needlessly pedantic way of conveying a simple though important idea. Was he tired when he wrote his last book? None the less, here and nowhere else is the legacy of a powerful thinker in its final systematic shape.

Malinowski's "functional" approach to anthropology was on its negative side a reaction against the primarily historical approach common to the classical evolutionary school that culminated in Frazer, and to the diffusionists. He treats them both in this book (excepting only Graebner) with a friendly respect rare in the controversies of this very cantankerous science. More than once he insists that the two approaches are complementary and not exclusive. On the positive side he insists that culture is always the technique worked out by a continuous society for the satisfaction in co-operation of its primary biological needs, a definition which covers its religious and political no less than its economic institutions. Always he starts from the maintenance and perpetuation of life; always he conceives the society as prior to the individual, and always he stresses the organic unity of its institutions, traditions and ethics. There is little in this outlook, even when it is reduced to exact definitions and principles, which any contemporary thinker would dispute. But, simple though it may seem, it amounts none the less to a revolution in the science of anthropology. Equipped with this biological and organic conception of society, the modern field-worker among primitive peoples faces his task in a wholly new spirit. The difficulty is not to grasp this conception of culture but to retain it, vivid and alert, when some curious detail of primitive life absorbs the student's attention. The stress has shifted, as never before, from the religious to the economic life of primitives. What else, one may ask, was Frazer studying when he traced the techniques by which they promoted fertility, from the magic of Australian blackfellows up to the Oriental religions of the dying god? But in fact, though he assumed the economic motive throughout, he never made it explicit. What primarily interested him was the evolution of religion. It was the Deists of the eighteenth century, eager to discover some universal "natural religion," who gave the first impetus to the study of primitive cultures, and their bias was fed by the fact that most of the first-hand material which the nascent science used came from missionaries. The other new departure is that the functional school is the first to discard consciously the individualism that distorted the thinking of the classical founders of the science throughout the nineteenth century. What they tried to understand was the thinking of the primitive man, rather than the institutions of primitive societies. This was serious when they applied their associationist psychology to the study of magic and religion. It was fatal when they faced such a problem as the communal ownership of land in Indian villages, for they were apt to assume, as the Directors of the East India Company did, that the *ryot* was an "economic man" as their century understood that term, or, if he was not, the sooner he learned to be one, the better would it be for him.

When in this book, as elsewhere, Malinowski criticises the historical schools, he may be right in what he affirms, but wrong in what he denies. The typical difference turns, as usual, round the concept of survivals, fossils which persist but do not harmonise with the surrounding culture. He denies that they can persist, unless they fulfil some function, though it may be a wholly different function from that which they served at an earlier period. It is easy to find cases that seem to satisfy this view. Young people in the Moselle Valley still (or recently) sent a blazing hoop rolling down the hillside on St. John's Eve. What was once done as a magic rite with a grave economic motive, to ensure the movement of the sun and the procession of the seasons, is now done by little boys for fun. In that sense, as sport, it still serves a very minor social function. But in its content, linked with the summer solstice and no other day, it surely is a fossil, which has no living relation with contemporary culture. Take again prayers for rain, still occasionally heard in English churches. It would be hard to suggest any social function for such survivals. They persist, one supposes, like much else in the ritual and dogma of the English Church, because it would be risky to select and revise. Who knows how much would be left? A cultural complex (Christianity) can carry this relic, because at some points (chiefly ethical) it still is alive.

Did Malinowski in his theory allow enough for the force of inertia? The ancestors, as a primitive would say, always resent any break with the past. A study of the commonest tools of daily life suggests that function is much weaker and slower as a shaping power than this School realises. Archæologists will show us how the shapes of baskets and gourds dictated the form of early pots. The forms appropriate to candlesticks and oil-lamps influenced the early designs of electric lamps, and modern architecture has also to struggle to free itself from the past. Function, in short, is not the unchallenged sovereign of human activities. It succeeds in shaping them only more or less. If we were to submit Malinowski's definitions and axioms in this too abstract book to a close scrutiny, we might discover that what he is describing throughout is not any actual society but rather the Platonic idea of a society. Take, for example, the third of his "general axioms of functionalism." "It (culture) is an integral in which the various elements are interdependent." But, as Bradley held that there are degrees of reality, so emphatically there are degrees of integration. No society ever was a perfect organic unity and all cultures are in some degree patchworks. It is the task of historical analysis to show how the strands of divers cultures, survivals and borrowings may co-exist even in a seemingly simple and primitive society. It strives, in short, to introduce the third dimension of time into our picture of society. Conjectural though the effort must be to infer the past from "survivals," is it more hazardous than the arguments the geologist bases on actual fossils? The two schools have much still to learn from one another, but that process cannot begin if any effort to reconstruct the past in this way is dismissed as "unscientific." H. N. BRAILSFORD

HA ! HA !

The Laughter of My Father. By CARLOS BULOSAN. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
The Indiscretions of an Infant. By DONALD COWIE. *Tantivy Press.* 9s.
Salute If You Must. By ROBERT STEWART SHERRIFFS. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.
Author ! Author ! By DONALD BRIDGWATER. *Westhouse.* 7s. 6d.
How They Do It. By KAREL CAPEK. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

One man's meat is another's poison, etc. Why this should be taken as being particularly true of humour I have never been able to make out; perhaps because we all—especially if we're English—assume a sense of humour of one kind or another. A real sense of humour is no commoner, and hardly less precious, than a sense of honour or beauty.

But we can all laugh. Ha! ha! Funny books ministering to the diaphragm are probably at least as beneficial as aspirin to the head or bicarbonate to the stomach; don't let us, however, confuse them with the genuinely comic. What do I mean by the distinction? Well, *The Good Soldier Schweik* is comic, while Mr. Leacock's *Literary Lapses* are funny; Jacobs worked a vein of comedy, while Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Gillie Potter are fun-merchants. I am not at all contemptuous of the latter class. Mr. Potter—*the* Mr. Potter—is my favourite voice on the air.

Among the five books above, two can be listed as comic, the rest as funny. Mr. Carlos Bulosan, the best of the bunch, and very good best, is a Filipino writing about family life in Luzon, while Capek, a Czech, describes the inside workings of newspapers, theatres and films. One test of the real humorist is whether he carries abroad: Mr. Bulosan and Capek survive it triumphantly, but one can't imagine anyone except an Englishman getting a laugh from the other three. We don't, when it comes to the point, see ourselves as funny at all. We crack jokes.

Mr. Bulosan describes a life redolent with sloth, laughter, cunning, naturalness and superstition. Specimen: the homecoming from America of Cousin Porton:

> My Cousin Porton was standing smoking a cigar in the centre of a ring of barefooted men and women. He was wearing a heavy fur overcoat, although it was a hot night, and was sweating profusely. An old man rubbed his face against the soft fur of the coat. A young man snatched the cigar out of Porton's mouth and took a bite of it, chewing the tobacco with great satisfaction. Then a girl grabbed the feather in Porton's hat and put it in her hair. There were naked children on the floor, smelling and licking Porton's boots.
>
> Father pushed the people away and stepped up to my cousin. "Welcome home!" he said.

The central figure of these gay misadventures is Father—a local "paycock": he is always going cock-fighting, or gambling away his all, or putting on his old uniform, or getting drunk, or enjoying himself in a neighbour's bed, or buying a white horse and paying for it with the roof over his head. This character owes something, a very little, to *Life with Father* (the *New Yorker* introduced both books to its readers), but it is a brisk, lavish, original creation in a lively tradition, and we could do with more of it. Acid test of the funny book: *read it again.*

I shouldn't like to have to read again *The*

Indiscretions of an Infant, Salute if You Must or *Author! Author!* The first is an imaginary autobiography of a babe endowed with a mature mind, but I found its mixture of cynicism and nappies peculiarly unfunny. Maybe parents would find some amusing satire of themselves in this fantasy. There is a commendable ruthlessness in the idea and it wasn't for lack of trying that the going, for me, seemed difficult. However, the publisher thinks otherwise, and blurbs the author as "To-morrow's Great Writer." I must remember, to-morrow.

Salute if You Must is nonsense about Army tradition and habits; bright in every sentence; *Punch* standard; drawings funnier than text. For patients going to the dentist.

The author of *Author! Author!* has had the ingenious idea of writing a whole book about what it feels like to be published. His delaying tactics with the reader are rather winning; in fact, I think I should have enjoyed Mr. Bridgwater even if I hadn't been a fellow author. His observations, when not amusing, are painfully accurate.

The Capek book contains three long articles, humorously realistic and illustrated in the Capek manner. One can get quite a lot of information, as well as amusement, about the ways in which newspapers, films and plays are produced. Charming. Not too hard on the diaphragm, either.

G. W. STONIER

A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

A Prospect of Flowers. By ANDREW YOUNG. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Under this charming, late-seventeenth-century title Andrew Young, the skilfully simple poet, offers his first book in prose. It consists of that old-fashioned device of pressing flowers in books; but Mr. Young reverses the process; he presses the books in the flowers. By flowers he means wild flowers. Gardens and their fat inhabitants fill him with disgust. He calls them concentration camps. And in his enjoyment of the flowers of field, hedgerow, bog and mountain, he confesses to an almost mad, inhuman infatuation (comparable to Hudson's anti-human and anti-dog devotion to birds). A fellow minister, observing him in the throes of his passion, observed: "What a disgusting habit!" No doubt this orthodox priest shied at the element of mysticism which the author must have betrayed—as he betrays it in this book. It makes of him a hermit of the emotions. "The presence of a friend on a country walk makes me uncomfortable; I even try to avoid strangers."

Out of these "disgusting habits" Mr. Young, like his fellow morose solitary, Hudson, has produced something uncommonly beautiful and original. It is a timeless book, neither modern nor old-fashioned. If I had to catalogue it I should put it amongst the books of information—but the information of pleasure rather than of facts. Yet it is full of facts, but each one of them is lighted up by imagination, or sometimes fancy, and a constant play of pensive humour. The method, with its ample ingredient of scholarship and exquisitely apt quotation, is comparable to that of Burton and Sir Thomas Browne—and that, of course, begins to give a date to this poet's personality. Is he not, then, of this current world? Is he escaping to some paradise of his own among ancient poets, quaint herbalists, odd divines? I think not, for he wears his learning with an innocence, just as W. H. Davies wore his ignorance. What he does, says, thinks, is so natural that it becomes as acceptable to the reader as the very habits of the wild flowers described. Indeed, Mr. Young is in danger of being confused with them, and treated as an odd, prickly bloom obstinately hiding itself away in some high and rocky place. But it is worth a climb to find him.

Such is the author. His book is as shapely as his poetry, and its method of drama in miniature is like that which makes his poems so memorable. The artistry is cunning (outcome of the solitariness), both in its choice of epithet and its use of fact. Thus, speaking of the water crowfoot, a degenerate member of the buttercup family, he says: "This buttercup has completely taken to water, losing its hairs and bitter juice, no longer needed to protect it from land animals, and also its yellow colour, though it still keeps at its heart a speck of the ancestral gold." Note how he keeps that "ancestral" until the end of the sentence. And with what a charm of surprise he keeps the reader informed, as in "a hawthorn hedge is called a quick to distinguish it from a fence of dead wood, but its blossom has a warm, heavy scent that reminds some people of a death chamber. For long it was a common belief that it kept the smell of the Great Plague of London. Botanists say it contains a substance, trimethylamine, which is also found in decaying fish."

Throughout the book there is this sort of clear, bell-like quality of phrase; a most fitting vehicle for the flowers which the poet is observing. (It is to be emphasised that he never touches them. He takes long, expensive train journeys in England, Wales and Scotland, in all weathers; but his passion is appeased merely by catching sight of the flower he is after, just as Dr. Johnson's nerves were pacified by touching the posts on the way to St. Clement's.) One can, for example, almost *hear* the chime in such a phrase as "bees visit the snowdrop, eating honey in its white parlour." The combination of theme, obsession, scholarship, and rare poetic gift gives this book distinction. It is one to look into again and again with delight.

RICHARD CHURCH

MENANDER

The Arbitration. Translated and completed by GILBERT MURRAY, O.M. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

As I look back on Gilbert Murray's career, which I have followed with admiration for many years, I recall how, when the Regius Professorship of Greek at Oxford was vacant, and the names of several distinguished scholars came under consideration, the Prime Minister chose Dr. Murray on the ground that he was the most likely to convey the tone and charm of Greek literature to the British people.

The Prime Minister was right. Who ever did, in any comparable degree, this particular kind of service? Gilbert Murray has translated for his countrymen the whole of Aeschylus, much of Euripides, and single plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes; and thousands of readers, ignorant of the Greek tongue, have thus been enabled to penetrate into the Greek spirit. There is another class of readers, equally appreciative, who, though reading their authors in the original, yet like to see how Dr. Murray has rendered them, and often learn much from him.

In a sense I belong to both these classes, and I therefore welcome, with double gratitude, Dr. Murray's versions of the two plays which alone exist in sufficiently complete form to enable us to appreciate them. First came the "Perikeiromene," or "Rape of the Locks," of which Dr. Murray not only translated the remaining parts, but conjecturally filled in the gaps; and now, in the "Epitrepontes," or "Arbitration," of which about half survives, he has not only translated that half, but ventured again on the daring experiment of filling in the lacking portions. This involves conjecturing the conclusion of the plot; he has tried, and I think with remarkable success, to "observe Menandrian conventions and the Menandrian spirit."

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The Epitrepontes is perhaps the best known and oftenest quoted of Menander's plays; and it thus largely typifies to us the "New Comedy" of which Menander is the most famous representative. To explain the New Comedy, one cannot do better than follow Dr. Murray's guidance. Practically all Greek drama was in its essence the performance of a religious ritual. It was a kind of Nativity Play, celebrating the return to life of the dead earth; and the symbol of that renewed life was a divine babe, a lamb, or some other young animal; for the New Year or spring was, to all intents and purposes, a person. At a later stage, as in the "Ion" of Euripides, the birth becomes a hero-myth: an outcast baby, found in the wild woods, is really the son of a god and a royal maiden, and is duly "recognised" as the king or hero-founder of his tribe. But later the baby, though its presence is essential, ceases to be the centre of interest; the god is uneasily felt to be playing a somewhat questionable part.

At any rate, the ritual is transferred from the tragic to the comic stage and in the New Comedy the abandoned child is the fruit of a secret amour, and the Recognition exalts him not to divinity but merely to wealth and fortune. Thus piety was saved, but the more human and lifelike the general story became, the less easy it is to sympathise with the baby's father, who is one of "Menander's young puppies," characterised by a Greek author "as misconducting themselves at midnight festivals." Like the Knights of King Arthur's Table, they were no better than they should be.

Into this plot the New Comedy introduced a number of very human characters and everyday episodes: and here, in the Epitrepontes, they are seen in full light. We have the Prologue, spoken by a nymph, and giving a hint of the religious background; the baby born of an illicit amour exposed and later discovered by a shepherd; the valet, rascally but devoted to his master; the conceited and pedantic cook; the beautiful harp-player; the final Recognition of the baby not as a god but as legitimate and "the son of his father"; and the marriage of the harp-player who is found to be of free birth, and can therefore be legally married to a wealthy citizen who has always loved her. All this is so well done by Dr. Murray that, if he had not revealed the secret, no one, assuredly, would have guessed that the whole was not Menander's own, or, vice versa, that a certain part, which he tells us is directly translated, was not "conjectured."

To mention a trifle, on page 18 a speech is accidentally assigned to one character which really belongs to two. E. E. KELLETT

Stalin. By J. T. MURPHY. *John Lane.* 15s.

Apart from biographies written before the war and now only to be borrowed from friends or libraries, there is no full-length book on Stalin available to the English reader. This political biography should do something to fill that gap, especially for those with neither time nor inclination to sort out the appropriate material for themselves from the vast collection of reportage, commentaries and the general run of Communist literature on the subject. Mr. Murphy, moreover, can claim personal acquaintance with many of the people and issues that he discusses, as he spent a good deal of time in the U.S.S.R. in the years immediately after the Soviet Revolution. His book does not add very much to our knowledge of Stalin's career; but it sets down the chief features of his life quite clearly and without violent partisanship. Mr. Murphy deals with Stalin's youth up to his entry into the revolutionary movement in Georgia, his work up to and during the Revolution, and the great controversy with Trotsky. Throughout the book Mr. Murphy takes pains to set Stalin's own political development against the problems and successes of the Soviet regime. Whether he is discussing the Five-Year Plans or Soviet foreign policy he tries to show Stalin as the head of a team rather than as a bureaucrat or dictator. There is no pretence that this is a definitive biography or that it attempts to "describe his favourite dishes or the colour of his pyjamas"; but it is a fair, attractively written introduction to Stalin—and to his life-work, the growth of the Soviet Union.

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Prizes of six guineas are offered for the best remarks overheard during the celebrations. Entries by May 22.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 795

Set by W. R.

The usual prizes are offered for 26 lines of a rhyming alphabet about flowers.

Report by W. R.

Intoxicated with flowers by the thousand, I feel my judgment uncertain. I have had to discard scores of enchanting alphabets, all worth printing. The ingenuity of competitors has been remarkable. Constance Sewell used the names only of roses, V. B. only of wild flowers; Philadelphus and Caroline Ramsden specialised in Latin names, H. I. G. in horrid names. V. B., Little Billee, B. T., Damon, McG. and Able Seaman J. R. Till were other runners-up, but I should like to mention dozens of competitors. Prizes of a guinea each go to D. H. (please send name and address), F. C. C., G. de V., T. M. Hope, R. J. P. Hewison and Granville Garley.

The amiable Anemone,
Historic Broome,
Clustering Cherry,
Daffadown dilly,
And pale Easter Lily;
The Fuchsia's frantick fyre,
Geranium's stare,
And Hollyhock's tall spyre;
Cool Irises
In Jasmine scented ayre;
The King Cuppe's globe,
Laburnum's golden tresses
Mingled with May's red kirtses;
And that vaine Boy lamented,
And Orchids, tyger-tinted;
Full Peonies, apeing roses,
Frayle Quaking Grass,
And Rhododendron posies;
Watery Spineas,
And sturdy Thrift to drye their tears;
All Umkelliferæ;
Violas' vacant faces;
The Wind-flower—wilde anemone;
All excellent graces,
With yellow lilies, lightly floating,
And Zinnias, in their jesters' coating.

D. H.

Anemones are delicate in early morning dew,
Buttercups are varnished yellow, each April new.
Cowslips freckled grew for Shakespeare's heart and pen.
Daffodils still take the winds of March, to-day as then.
Eglantyne I never saw, but Sweet Briar, yes.
Fritillarias are checkered for a Greek game of chess.
Gentians—what wells of blue in high snow-cold places.
Hyacinths are classic curls around the statues' faces.
Ivy in the ruined orchard drips, grips and thrives.
Jonquils are too scented far, like Princesses' lives.
Kingcups for a King's largesse and royalist of pardons.
Lilac makes a Schubert *Lied* of St. John's Wood gardens.
Mignonette from penny packets most sweetly grows.
Night Stocks conquered even William Wordsworth's nose.*
Oxlips in the leafless copse, know the thrushes' tunes.

* Southey tells us that Wordsworth had no sense of smell: "Once, and once only in his life was the dormant power awakened by a bed of stocks . . ."

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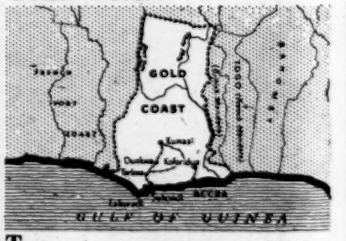

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Poppies shine with seagray leaves beside the salt dunes.
Queen Anne's Lace they used to call it, now it's Cow Parsley.
Ragged Robin, grass-entangled, grows thin and sparsely.
Samphire, cliff-surrounded, sees the perilous surf.
Thyme knows chalky downs and arrows, barrows and turf.
Ulex stands for yellow gorse, to which Linnæus knelt.
Violets grow half-hidden, in vales where Lucy dwelt.
Water-lilies from the pool, cool look up and smile.
Xanthia's French for Burweed in a fine classic style.
Yarrow grows along the roads, many a dusty mile.
Zinnias stand, Victorian, in variegated neatnesses.
Zzz and *Bzz* proclaim the bees through six-and-twenty sweetnesses.

F. C. C.

A shall be ALE-HOOF, which *sounds* rather jolly.
B's the BLUE BUGLOSS (see Crabbe and Connolly).
The CHERRY tree (Shropshire) is now hung with bloom.
Rank DARNEL gave Beddoes a comforting gloom.
EGLANTINE grew where Titania lay.
F's FENNEL—Ophelia gave it away.
A GERANIUM watched the dead Evelyn Hope.
H—HEMLOCK, or HEMP; if you'd sooner have rope.
The IRIS appeared in a dream Shelley had.
The JONQUIL was once a bewitched Grecian lad.
KNOTGRASSES figure in Keats' Gothic casement;
Since Coward, the LONDON PRIDE'S seeking effacement.
You *should* plant MEZEREON, Bacon averred.
Wilde wrote of NENUPHARS, liking the word.
O's OENOTHERA—Tree Primrose—bright yellow.
No POPPY could bring back lost peace to Othello.
Fra Lippi would sing of the flower of the QUINCE.
He let his girl go, and had RUE ever since.
Came STOCKS and SWEET WILLIAM, but Thyrsis had fled.
The TULIPS abroad were too formal, Brooke said.
Pluck URTICA firmly, as Hotspur advised.
For witch-bane and love-philtres, VERVEIN is prized.
WOAD-washed, azure, rampant, went each ancient Briton.
Of XANTHIUM (Burweed) no verse has been written.
Will, Matthew and Alfred all write of the YEW—
Why has bright ZINNIA not had its due?

G. de V.

HERBS.

Lady! take ALKANET to redden your lip.
BORAGE for courage in Cups you may sip;
In Grandmother's comfits CORIANDER you'll find,
Give your baby DILL-water to banish the wind.
ERYNGO-root candied inflames lovers' passion,
FENNEL sauces for fish is Italian fashion.
GOOD-KING-HENRY is healthful to eat in the spring,
HOREHOUND in the winter for coughs is the thing.
I stands for INULA, that's Elecampane,*
With JACK-AN-APES-ON-HORSEBACK it lives down the lane.
KISS-ME-BY-THE-GARDEN-GATE warns love that has tarried,
LAD'S-LOVE in your prayer-book to church should be carried.
MYRRH will put a fine polish on tables and chests,
DEADLY NIGHTSHADE eliminates unwanted guests.
ORRIS-root powdered scents garments or hair;
PENNYROYAL and PEPPERMINT are a full-flavoured pair.
Q stands for QUINSYWORT for throats that are thick,
While RUE leaves are sovereign for fowls that are sick.
The ashes of SOUTHERNWOOD will make your hair shoot
If mixed with dead mice and some TARRAGON root.
URTICA is Nettles that are added to beer,
V is VALERIAN that cats love and fear.
The WELD and the WOAD will dye yellow and blue.
XANTHIUM is Burdock, the Latin must do.
YARROW makes tea that is good if drunk hot,
and ZITTERWURZEL or Tumeric, is the last of the lot.

T. M. Hope.

The Alphabet

A's the acacia by lakeside in "Maud."
B's the blue bugloss that George Crabbe adored.
C is the crocus, her cheek in the mire.
D's dancing daffodils, poet's desire
E for the eglantine lush by the gate.
F flower-de-luce, descriptive of Kate.
G, in "Of Gardens" find gilliflowers' names.
H is the hare-bell azur'd like veins
I is the ivy-tod heavy with snow.
J's the pale jessamine on Lycid to throw.
K for the king-cups gathered by small hands.
L is for lilac, out of the dead lands.
M is the meadowsweet seen from a train.
N, nettles, white-flowered where the Gipsy has lain.
O for faint oxlips in dreams that were shattered.
P is the poppy, oblivion scattered.
Q's queen of the flowers, the fair English rose.
R is rosemary, with remembrance it goes.
S are the sweet-peas, on tip-toe for flight.
T for the tulips, a Grantchester sight.
U are Undercliffe violets, wet from the tides.
V are vetches of Cornwall, purple in lane sides.
W for woodbine by the bank of wild thyme.
X is for xanthium, neglected in rhyme.
Y's yellow furze on the heath-home of Clare.
Z is the zcilla in Barnes's dialect rare.

A, Tennyson, "Maud"; B, Crabbe, "The Village"; C, Meredith, "The Thrush in February"; C, Wordsworth, "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"; E, Shelley, "The Question"; F, "Henry V," Act V, Scene 2; G, Francis Bacon; H, "Cymbeline," Act IV, Scene 2; I, Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner"; J, Milton, "Lycidas"; K, Cowper, "The Task"; L, Eliot, "The Waste Land"; M, Edward Thomas, "Adlestrop"; N, Arnold, "The Scholar Gipsy"; O, Shelley, "The Question"; P, Thomas Browne, "Urn Burial"; Q, William Browne, "Britannia's Pastorals"; R, "Hamlet," Act IV, Scene 5; S, Keats, "I Stood Tip-toe on a Little Hill"; T, Brooke, "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester"; U, Kipling, "The Flowers"; V, A. L. Rowse, "The Old Cemetery at St. Austell"; W, "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," Act II, Scene 2; Y, John Clare, "The Flitting"; Z, William Barnes, the Dorset Pastoral Poet.

Granville Garley

With A Anemone we spell,
With B the Bugloss and Bluebell.
C giveth Cowslip, Cornflower blue,
And D the Daisy damp with dew.
E predicateth Eglantine,
F finds us Foxglove fierce and fine.
G doth the bitter Gentian greet
And H the Honeysuckle sweet.
With I doth Iris bravely bloom,
With J the Jonquil breathe perfume.
K hath of country Kingcup care,
Of Larkspur L, and Lavender.
To M we Marigold assign.
With N Nasturtium sharp doth twine.
O is for Orchid's purple face
P for Peasblossom's pearly grace.
Queen's pincushion notes letter Q,
R Rhododendron's scentless hue.
S will the spicy Saffron take,
T Tansy good in Easter cake.
See under U Umbellifers;
V vows the Violet is hers.
With W Wisteria comes,
With X long-lived Xeranthemums.
Y doth the herbal Yarrow send;
With Z and Zinnia we end.

R. J. P. Hewison

* Elecampane, what is your name?
Where do you live? Down the lane.
Jack-an-apes-on-horse-back is the Double Cowslip.

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